

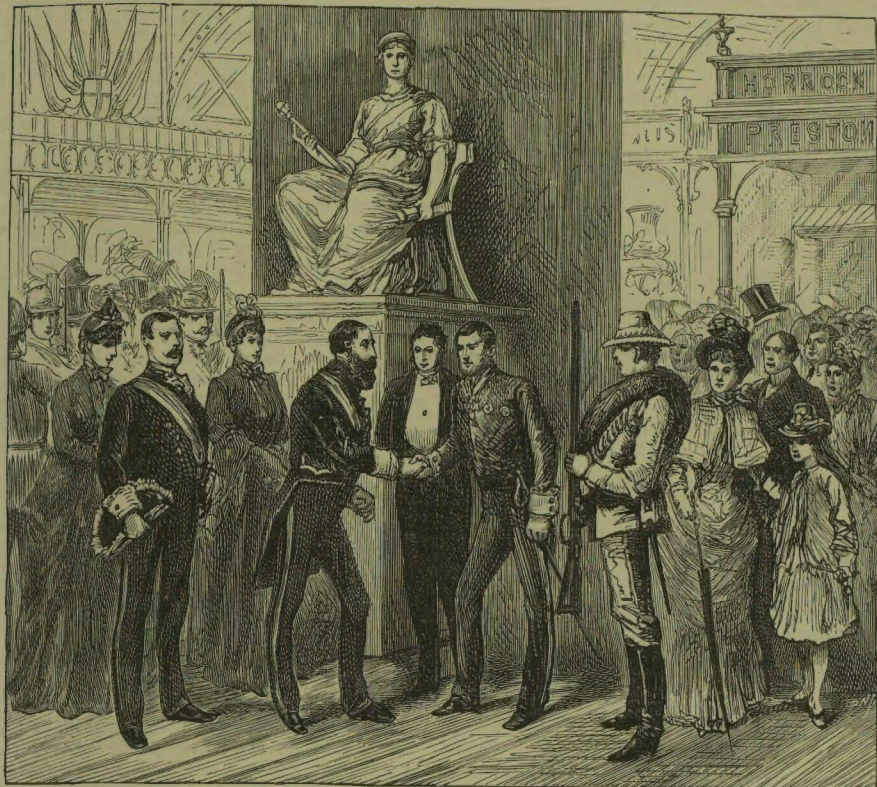
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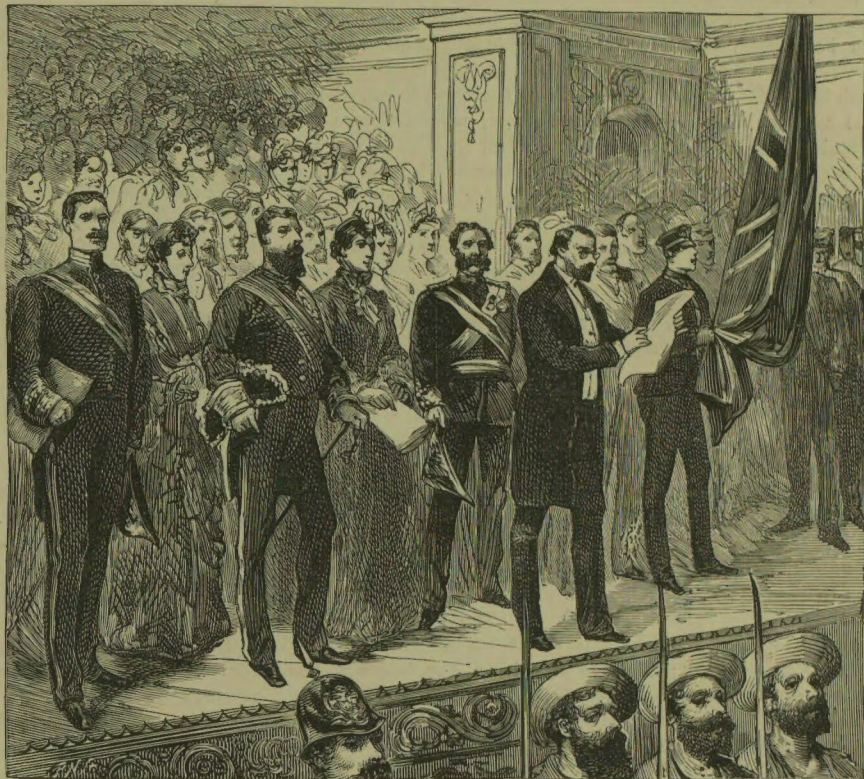
No. 2578.—VOL. XCIII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

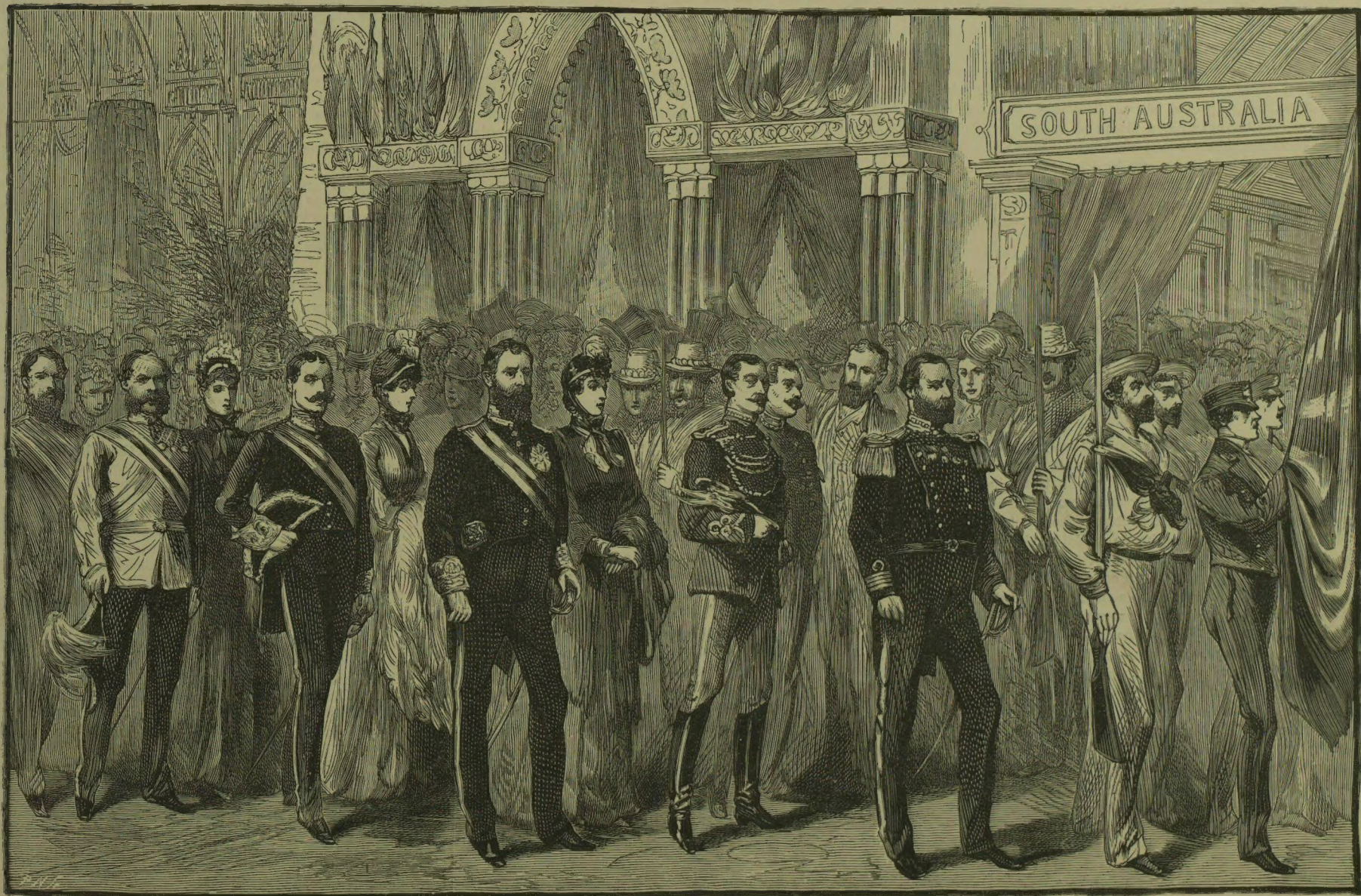
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THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA VISITING THE BRITISH SECTION.



READING THE QUEEN'S TELEGRAM.



PROCESSION OF GOVERNORS OF AUSTRALIA UP THE GRAND AVENUE OF NATIONS.

OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I hope one of the good fellows who took charge of the sixty Polytechnic boys on their month's holiday on the Continent the other day will give the world his reminiscences of it. It is a long time since the delightful "Voyages en Zigzag" appeared, and though the Boy has not changed (it is not in the power of any Polytechnic upon earth to change him) the conditions of travel have greatly altered since that time. The book should have illustrations, of course—instantaneous photographs of what its French author called their "scenes of anarchy" (bolsterings and the like), while to the *édition de luxe* might also be attached a phonograph, stating exactly what they said in commendation of the sublime scenery and foreign "tuck." Travels among savages may be exciting, but think of travels with savages! "The Boy Abroad, and How he Made himself at Home There," would be an excellent title. They did it for five pounds apiece, too, and seem to have stolen nothing but a few cherries. Why are not all young persons taught to make their money "go" this distance? The sunburn on our boy's cheek, which delights his mother so, disappears when his holiday is over; but however short it may have been, and however ample his allowance, we never see "the colour of our money" again. If the Polytechnic can teach its pupils economy, it can teach them anything. I had once a lesson there, on another subject, myself (from the Electrical Eel), which I never forgot; but that was under the old regime. The present institution seems a still more admirable one; and it speaks well, indeed, for the courage and conduct, as well as kindness, of its promoters that they should have played "the schoolmaster abroad" with such complete success. They certainly do not share what is said to be the weakness of the present age—the shrinking from responsibility. I once took charge of *one* boy on his travels abroad (from Saturday to Monday), and that is why (though I am quite young) my hair is grey.

It would be an exaggeration to say that I never knew a youth who made his allowance go a long way, but the experience in question was rather an exceptional one. His father, a man of wealth, but who hated extravagance, sent him, when he was seventeen or so, to improve his mind by a month's travel on the Continent; ten shillings a day, including his railway fare, was considered to be ample, so off he went with thirty pounds in his pocket. Three days afterwards he found himself at Wiesbaden with only two pounds left. It was no use to him (as he afterwards explained to me) for pursuing his journey; whether he lost it at the tables at the Kursaal, or spent it on his necessities, he would, all the same, have had to write home for more; so he tried the tables, and won a hundred pounds. Being an intelligent lad, he was satisfied with that achievement; went to Paris and other places, living like a fighting-cock everywhere, and returned home at the month's end with thirty shillings in his pocket. Great were the rejoicings over him (for it had been whispered that he was inclined to be prodigal), and enormous the satisfaction with which his parent dilated upon his economy; he was a lad "with his wits about him" (he *was*!) and who "knew how to husband his resources." Not a word did that youth ever whisper about those tables at Wiesbaden, and it was felt quite a loss to economical science that his accounts had been lost, where, no doubt, every item of expenditure had been set down in its proper place. The worst part of the business was that the example of financial success he had set caused all the fathers in the neighbourhood to send their sons abroad on ten shillings a day; somehow or other they had not "the head for travel" which our young friend had shown himself to possess, and, instead of exhibiting a reserve fund of thirty shillings, they had to telegraph for funds to bring them home.

In China a gentleman has only to commit suicide upon his enemy's doorstep to make that individual miserable for life: his blood is for the future on the householder's head, and, what is more material, the maintenance of his family upon his shoulders. This custom, in the Flowery Land, where folk do not mind putting themselves (or, indeed, other people) to death upon the smallest provocation, is found to be inconvenient: yet, strange as it may seem, we are gradually adopting it in England. The law, it is true, is not so exacting, nor are Englishmen so ready to sever their "mortal coil" (as the poets term the jugular vein), as Chinamen; but, when they do so, it has now become almost customary with them to leave a statement behind them, explaining their reasons for departure, and pointing out with vindictive finger the person at whose door they wish the catastrophe to be laid. Sometimes, of course, the terrible punishment which this involves is a just one; but sometimes it is not so—as, considering the vehemence of passion which often drives the accuser to leave this world, is not to be wondered at; whether sound or unsound, his state of mind can hardly be a judicial one. In old times this habit was almost unknown among us, except in the best families, which were accustomed to be anathematised, root and branch, by some wronged retainer, and, if we are to believe in ancestral legends, with excellent effect (no male child ever reaching his majority from that moment, and no female being unprovided with a hump, like a dress-improver in the wrong place); but now there is no family, however humble, which is not subject to these post-mortem maledictions. It is noticeable that they are of two kinds: one in which individuals are denounced by their full name and address, as though the writer were making his will, and exceedingly anxious that they should not be excluded from its benefits; and the other, wherein he only mentions them by their initials—a sort of half measure by which he leaves them to their own unpleasant reflections, but spares them the indignation of the world. This milder method is, however, accompanied by the disadvantage of innocent persons with the same initials—since there is always plenty of malicious guessing—being identified with the wrongdoers, and suffering, like Mr. Besant's hero, who

was "haunted" by a misinformed spectre for a deed which he had never done. I note this week no less than three initial denunciations. One poor fellow is so soft-hearted in his revenge as to confine himself to writing the letters A. B. C., like a proposition in Euclid. The terms in which he expresses himself are also exceedingly vague. "If I had of been something like done to by one who could I should not have taken to what I have been forced into." Whatever may be said against this unfortunate person—of whom nothing good or bad, however, seems to be known by anybody—no one can accuse him of being a Grammarian.

That large class of our fellow-creatures whose chief topic of conversation is "the weather" must have had a hard time of it, as regards variety, this summer. In Vienna, however, they have got a weather *plant* to talk about, which must be a great relief. It is, we are told, "a legume"—a piece of information which, to many people, will have the advantage of not disclosing too much at once, and thereby spoiling the story; its botanical name is the *Abrus peregrinus*, but it is also called the "paternoster pea," which, to my ear at least, sounds much more familiar. It is published—I mean grown—chiefly in Corsica and Tunis; but they seem to have an *édition de luxe* of it in Vienna. "Thirty-two thousand trials of it in two years," writes an extremely cautious disciple of science, "tends to prove its infallibility." On the leaves of its upper branches one can read the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, but in those of the lower it is inscribed for three days to come. To us in England, it would have been useless; for we have been able, by reasoning from analogy, to say "wet" for the last three months, and the prophecy has never failed. Meteorologists tell us that the notion of a change of climate here is all rubbish; but certainly there have been seasons even in Scotland, where not only sunshine seems to have occurred, but people got so spoilt as to look for the most delicate gradations of favourable weather, and, when they didn't get them, to apply for them (it strikes one rather peremptorily) to the proper quarter. In one of the northern counties of Scotland, says Dean Ramsay, the minister, in his Sabbath sermon, expressed the needs of his agricultural parishioners for a wind to raise the corn for the sickle with a very detailed particularity. "O Lord, we pray Thee to send us wind; no 'a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noughin', soghin', wiruin' wind." "More expressive words," remarks the Dean, "cannot be found in any language," nor, it may be added, words more suggestive of dictation. Our poor farmers in England would certainly have been thankful this summer for much less: a few hours of sunshine, for example, on alternate days. It is hard to have one's holiday spoilt by the weather, but how much worse one's harvest!

I am not an Alpine climber myself; I could never get over the Mauvais Pas at Chamounix, nor even the "precipice path" at Dolgelly. It is said that mountain air has all the effect of champagne, and when the mountain is steep it certainly makes my head go round. But I have known a good many climbers—human "creeper" that can cling to anything, and, when there is nothing to cling to, "hang on by their eyelids;" yet one of the very boldest who once looked with me at Beachy Head from the sea acknowledged that it was beyond him. "I am not a gull, Sir," he observed, in a tone which seemed to imply (though quite unnecessarily, for I was not thinking anything of the kind), "I am not a fool." And now a Belgian has accomplished it. Six hundred feet of sheer cliff, with only an interstice here and there for a finger-nail! I should like to know what his feelings were (I know what his "view" was) when within ten feet of the top. Of course his example will set our own cliff-climbers at work, and before the year is out there will be plenty of vacancies in the Alpine Club. I should not wonder if the thing was taken up professionally by some Baldwin of the cliffs. "On Saturday, the — inst., Professor Sharptoe will ascend Beachy Head from the sea at two p.m.; special steamers (half the fare to go to the Professor, or his widow) will run from London Bridge direct." When this feat begins to pall, the Professor will only have to take some lady or gentleman on his back to attract new thousands.

The virtues of hot water have had a great development of late years. People of fashion, whose digestions have been impaired, fancy that they still can eat half-a-dozen courses at dinner, if the water they drink with them is only hot enough. "I must trouble you," they whisper to their hostess, "to let it be very hot; merely warm water, you know, has—ahem!—an unpleasant effect." The water is, therefore, brought as if for shaving purposes, and generally cracks the tumbler. The broken glass in one's pantry which the butler used to attribute to "the cat," is now set down to the guests who adopt this new regime. Another purpose for which it is used is to send people to sleep at night. It is a little inconvenient to have to supply boiling water in the small hours of the morning to one's wakeful visitors; but, to do them justice, most of them bring spirit lamps and kettles of their own. I have a private suspicion that they put something *in* the water, to induce somnolency; but, as they bring this with them also, that is not my business. The Russians have now discovered that hot water has a quieting effect upon prisoners who are insubordinate—by means of a short hose, specially made to resist the heat, and attached to a steam-pipe nozzle, they squirt boiling water upon the offenders, and at once produce peace and quietness (by par-boiling). The proverbial phrase of being "in hot water" has, therefore, not so much lost its meaning in Russia as obtained a precisely contrary signification. This will, probably, form a supplementary chapter in the next edition of "The Language of Thought," and need not therefore be here enlarged upon.

The Duke of Cambridge made his annual inspection on Sept. 10 of the troops at Woolwich. Next day he proceeded to Edinburgh, in order to commence a tour of inspection in Scotland and the northern counties.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 11.

On returning to Paris from pseudo-holiday wanderings in summerless lands it is a relief to find that Parisian matters in general have undergone very little change, and that although one may not have seen a newspaper for two months past, very little effort is needed to enable one to catch up and realise the political situation. The pivot on which the thoughts of men turn is still Boulanger, who has found a new means of advertising himself. He is lost. The most assiduous reporters cannot discover his whereabouts. Where is Boulanger? is the question of the day, which has taken the place of the antiquated puzzle, Where is the Bulgarian? Meanwhile, as usual, President Carnot is making a triumphant progress, this time through Normandy, the Ministers are airing their rhetoric all over the country, and the sessions of the departmental councils have transferred political interest from Paris to the provinces. The manifestations of opinion thus obtained are important, because they represent the average opinion of the country. The burden of all the speeches is the sacred obligation, or rather the imperious necessity, imposed upon all Republicans to forget their quarrels and to unite in one supreme and common effort to save the Republic and secure it from the enterprises of reaction or dictatorship. The difficulty is to reconcile the Radicals and the Opportunists even temporarily, and in the general confusion the platform of discussion has become the reform of the system of voting. In his day, Gambetta used to declare that the cause of all the evil was the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and now the heirs of Gambetta declare that France is in a mess because the system of voting is the *scrutin de liste*, and not the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. What will come of all this raging and reforming? And what about this sacro-sacred principle of universal suffrage, which we have been taught to look upon as the bulwark of liberty and democracy, and which proclaims Boulanger a new Caesar, preferring a *déclassé* soldier to Bourbons and Bonapartes alike? No wonder that Republicans and Conservatives feel equally at a loss!

The Parisians are reading with avidity details about the swindler, Allmayer, who escaped from Mazas more than a year ago, and who has since been continuing his exploits in Paris and in various towns in France. Although Allmayer has no blood on his hands, he is having an immense *succès de curiosité*, which he deserves to a certain extent, for he is the very incarnation of the modern adventurer—good-looking, elegant in dress and manners, capable of playing to perfection the rôle of a gentleman, and possessing the multitude of physical gifts and acquired talents that are necessary for one who wishes to be a Casanova and to satisfy intensely his unreasoning instincts. After all, however, this Allmayer is not a very great adventurer, audaciously as he has played with magistrates and gendarmes; he has not the gift of languages; he has not dared to travel; his field of action is limited to Aix-les-Bains and the casinos of Norman seaside resorts.

France will soon be as thickly populated with statues as was ancient Italy. On Saturday, at Pontivy, in Morbihan, was unveiled a statue to Dr. Guépin, who had been a militant Republican ever since the Restoration. On Sunday, at Lorient, M. Ernest Renan and Jules Simon presided over the inauguration of a statue of Brizeux, the Breton poet, author of a delicate poem, "Marie," who died in 1858. On Sept. 22 will be inaugurated, at Nantua, in the Department of Ain, his native town, a statue of Baudin, the deputy who was killed on a barricade on the day of Napoleon's *coup d'état*. On Sept. 17 his native town of Montbard (Côte d'Or) will raise a statue to the memory of the natural historian, Buffon; and on Sept. 30 Landrecies, in the Nord, will unveil a statue of the great coloniser Dupleix, Governor-General of India from 1730 to 1750. Is it not strange that money should be forthcoming for all these statues, and that in this material age people should be animated with those pious sentiments of sympathy, gratitude, or civic pride which cause them to send in their subscriptions?

One of the features of the Exhibition of 1889 will be a complete Breton town, constructed at the Trocadéro, and comprising reproductions of the most famous houses, monuments, and curiosities of Brittany.

Since M. Grévy has left the Elysée, the office of public executioner has not been a sinecure in France. Within the past few days two criminals have been guillotined, the Corsican bandit Rocchini and the man Schumacher, who strangled his benefactress for the sake of obtaining a few francs. T. C.

The marriage of the Duke of Aosta, brother of the King of Italy, with his niece, Princess Marie Letitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon, took place on Sept. 11 at Turin. The religious ceremony was held in the chapel of the Santissimo Sudario, the Archbishop of Turin officiating. The occasion was celebrated by a grand flower festival. The bridal procession proceeded to the Place Victor Emmanuel, each Royal carriage being preceded by thirty cavaliers in costumes of the beginning of the last century. The scene was most brilliant. Our last issue contained portraits of the Royal pair.

On Monday morning, Sept. 10, the Emperor William attended a parade of the Third Army Corps on the Tempelhof Common. After the review, which was a most brilliant military spectacle, his Majesty rode back to Berlin at the head of the Colours Company of the 8th Infantry Regiment. Thousands of people lined the road, and the cheers given for the Emperor were unceasing. The Emperor William left Berlin for Bremerhaven in the evening, in order to attend the naval manoeuvres to be held there.

The Czar and Czarina, accompanied by their children, arrived at Elizabetgrad, in the south of Russia, on Sept. 7, and, proceeding to the Cathedral, were welcomed by the Archbishop of Odessa. Next day, they were present at the military manoeuvres, and visited some of the public institutions.—The great annual fair at Nishni Novgorod was officially closed on Sept. 6. Business, on the whole, showed an improvement, as compared with last year.

Some loss of life and considerable destruction of property have been caused by an earthquake near Patras, Greece. All the villages in a large district have suffered severely.

The letter of President Cleveland formally accepting the Democratic candidacy for the Presidency has been published. It is devoted almost exclusively to the subject of the tariff, and makes no mention of the fisheries question.—The American Senate has voted in favour of the Bill for excluding Chinese immigrants from the United States; but the number voting was not sufficient to pass the Bill, and another vote must be taken. The House of Representatives have passed the Retaliation Bill with practical unanimity, the numbers being—ayes, 174; nays, 4.—The death at New York of Mr. Lester Wallack, the well-known actor, and former proprietor of Wallack's Theatre in that city, is announced.—The reports of the American crops show a considerable amount of damage arising from weather and insects to cotton, wheat, oats, and barley. Indian corn is stated to be a fine crop.

OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, having made his passage from England to Australia, "Across Two Oceans," the Atlantic and the Pacific, arrived at Melbourne, from San Francisco, in time for the opening of the International Exhibition, which has been got up to celebrate the memorable centenary of the foundation of the first of the Australian Colonies—not that of Victoria, which has the city of Melbourne for its capital, but New South Wales—which is nearly half a century older.

It was one hundred years ago that the great island, which Torres called "Terra Australis," and which Flinders afterwards shortened to "Australia," was taken possession of by Captain Cook for the British Crown. He cast anchor in Botany Bay, a few miles to the southward of Sydney Harbour. Previously to this, Dampier, Tasman, Carpenter, and others had examined the coasts. The history of the Australian Colonies begins with the landing of the first shipload of convicts at Botany Bay, in 1788, under the command of Captain Phillip. In 1793 Governor Hunter formed settlements on the Hawkesbury. During Governor King's term of office, about 1803, Macarthur started wool-growing at Camden, with a couple of Spanish merino sheep, given him by George III. In 1803 a settlement was formed in Tasmania by Judge-Advocate Collins. Hobart Town was founded, and in 1829 separation from New South Wales was effected. In 1815 Governor Macquarie built a road across the Blue Mountains, and thus opened up a highway for the squatters. The first quarter of a century was occupied with the inland explorations of Oxley, Cunningham, Hume, Hovell, Sturt, Macleay, and Mitchell. But in 1802, Port Phillip was discovered by Lieutenant Murray, and Mr. Charles Grimes, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, entering Port Phillip on a surveying expedition, sailed up the river Yarra. This was the first trip, probably, made by a white man. It appears, from the records available, that thirty-two years elapsed before the second white man went on a similar trip. The first attempt at settlement was made by the Hentys, of Launceston, Tasmania, who, in 1834, established a whaling-station at Portland Bay. In the year following John Batman formed a settlement on the western shore of Port Phillip; and Melbourne practically commenced its existence from that date. In 1851, the Port Phillip district was merged in the newly-constituted separate Colony of Victoria, and Mr. C. J. Latrobe, who had been Superintendent of the district, became the first Governor.

The territory of Victoria extends from the 34th to the 39th degree of south latitude, and from 141 deg. to 150 deg. east longitude. It is separated from New South Wales by the river Murray, and by a line from Forest Hill to Cape Howe, whilst the 141st meridian of longitude separates it from South Australia on the south-west. Its extreme length is 480 miles, its breadth 240, and its area 87,834 square miles, or 56,245,760 acres. The territorial divisions consist of four districts and thirty-seven counties. Gipps Land is characterised by colossal mountains, chiefly of volcanic formation, magnificent streams, and fertile plains. The Murray district is also mountainous, and well watered; some parts are noted for auriferous wealth, others are adapted to agriculture; in the north-east are extensive pastoral plains. Wimmera district, covering about 25,000 square miles of the north-west of the colony, and Loddon district, occupying the north central portions, are chiefly adapted to pastoral pursuits. The climate of Victoria is generally healthy and pleasant. Victoria had a population of 1,003,043 at the census of 1886.

The city of Melbourne, which was incorporated in 1842, stands on the north bank of the river Yarra, six or seven miles from the sea at Hobson's Bay. It is encircled by populous suburbs—some of them, indeed, are called cities—the number of inhabitants ranging from 5000 to 26,000. The total population of Melbourne and the suburbs is estimated at 371,630. The city streets, which aggregate 100 miles in length, are straight, and run at right angles through the entire length and breadth of the town. The main thoroughfares are Collins-street, Bourke-street, Flinders-street, Swanston-street, and Elizabeth-street, all with cable tramways. The most important public edifices are the Parliament Houses, the Treasury, the Law Courts, the University, the Public Library, the National Museum, the Townhall, the Mint, and the two cathedrals, the latter not being completed. Some of the banks, insurance companies, and woolbrokers occupy magnificent buildings, bluestone and freestone being the material mostly used. The Governor's residence, on the south side of the Yarra, is a large mansion, occupying one of the most elevated sites. The Botanic

Gardens, which have an area of 109 acres, are tastefully laid out. The water supply of Melbourne is obtained from the Yan Yean reservoir, in a valley among the Plenty Ranges, eighteen miles from the city.

The International Exhibition at Melbourne to celebrate the centenary of the Australian Colonies was opened on Aug. 1, with great ceremony, by Sir Henry Brougham Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., the Governor. His Excellency, with Lady Loch and a number of their guests, entered the city by way of New Prince's Bridge, under a salute from the batteries. An immense procession was formed, and accompanied the Governor's party to the Exhibition buildings, marching through Collins-street and other thoroughfares. The procession was headed by a number of seamen, marines, and men of the naval brigade, followed by rifles, artillerymen, and militia. Then came the fire brigades and trades and Friendly Societies, which had mustered several thousands strong, with banners flying and bands playing. The streets were thickly lined with people,

Governor of Victoria; the Hon. F. T. Sargood, the executive vice-president; Sir J. MacBain, the president of the Exhibition; Admiral Fairfax, commander on the Australian station; the Aides-de-Camp of the Governor; the Governor, with Lady Loch and family; the other Governors and their wives; the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Colonial Courts, and the foreign Consuls and Commissioners. The Governors of Australasian Colonies present, besides Sir Henry Loch, were Lord Carington, Governor of New South Wales; Sir W. F. Drummond Jervis, Governor of New Zealand; Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland; Sir W. C. F. Robinson, Governor of South Australia; and Sir Robert Hamilton, Governor of Tasmania.

As the procession passed up the Grand Avenue of Nations the National Anthems of America, Germany, Austria, and France were played by bands stationed in each of the courts named, and when the Grand Hall was reached the British National Anthem was sung, Mr. F. H. Cowen conducting.

The President then offered prayer, and the "Old Hundred" was sung in a very impressive manner, after which the "Song of Thanksgiving," specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Cowen, was brilliantly rendered by an orchestra of 100 performers and a chorus of 800 voices.

Sir J. MacBain read an address to his Excellency, welcoming him to the Exhibition and conveying an assurance of the Colony's loyalty. The President then thanked the various Governments, exhibitors, and peoples for their flattering responses to the invitation to participate in the Exhibition, and, after presenting the Governor with the official catalogue, concluded his speech by expressing the hope that the inspection of so many products of the world's thought and labour might educate the people to higher enterprises in art and industry in the future, to the enhanced prosperity and happiness of all. He then handed to his Excellency a beautifully-wrought golden key, and requested him to declare the Exhibition open.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Governor dispatched a telegram to the Queen informing her Majesty that the Exhibition was open. A telegram was also sent to the Prince of Wales. The arrangements for the ceremony are much commended. There was an immense attendance at the Exhibition.

Our large Engraving shows the scene when the Governor, in the Queen's name, declared the Exhibition open; other illustrations are those of the Governors of the several Colonies of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, walking in the procession; and that of the Governor of Victoria inspecting the British section. We also give the Portraits of Sir James MacBain, President of the Exhibition Commissioners; Colonel the Hon. F. T. Sargood, the Executive Vice-President; Mr. G. T. A. Lavater, the Secretary; and Mr. G. R. Johnson, architect of the Exhibition building, which has been prepared for this occasion at a cost of nearly £150,000, and is situated in the Carlton-gardens, a central position in the city.

The annual show of the Royal Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society, whose area embraces Lancashire, Cheshire, Denbighshire, and Flintshire, has been held at Lancaster. Of the £2250

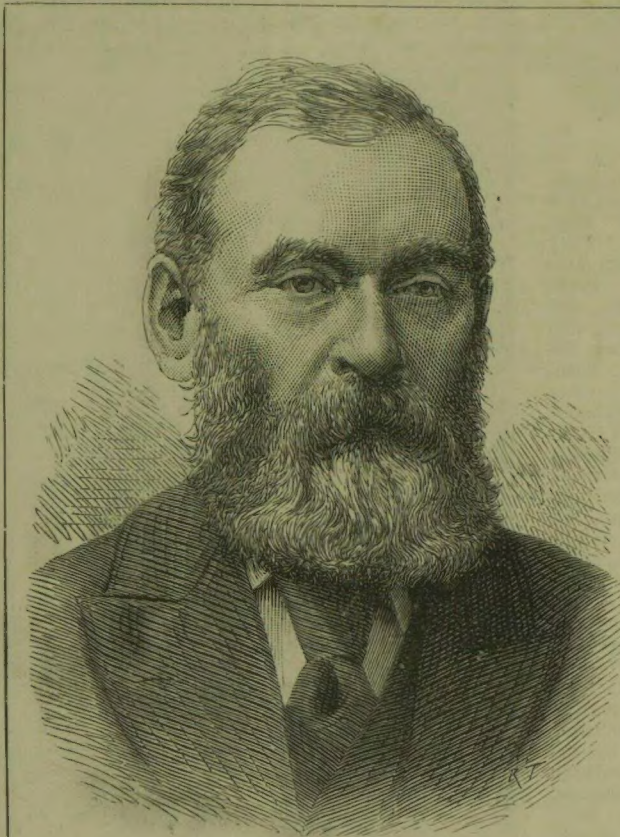
offered in prizes, over £500 was given by local contributors. The Hereford cattle-breeders gave £50 in prizes, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Beekeepers' Association gave £20. There were 250 horses, 200 cattle, 300 sheep and pigs, 436 pens of poultry, 230 dogs, 104 entries of cheese, and 72 entries of butter. There was a large display of implements, machinery, and appliances.

"Brock's benefit" at the Crystal Palace took place on Sept. 6, and the display of fireworks was one of great splendour.

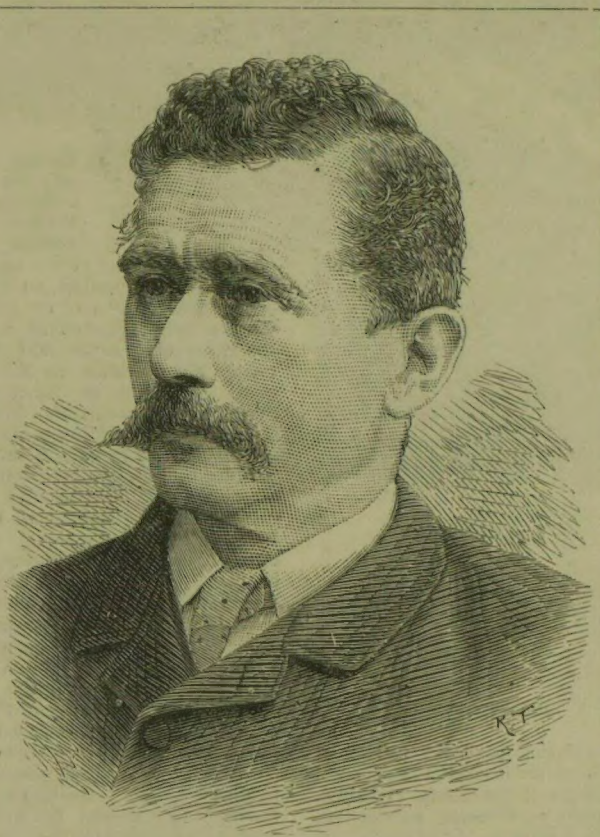
Classes for all-round readings from Shakespeare and other great authors, and for speaking in song, will reopen on Sept. 25, at Mrs. Dallas-Glyn's residence, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Subject to the approval of the Board of Trade, it has been decided to erect a new promenade pier at Dover, at a cost of about £25,000. It will run out a distance of 750 ft. from the promenade, and will be a handsome structure, with a commodious pavilion and a stage large enough for concert purposes.

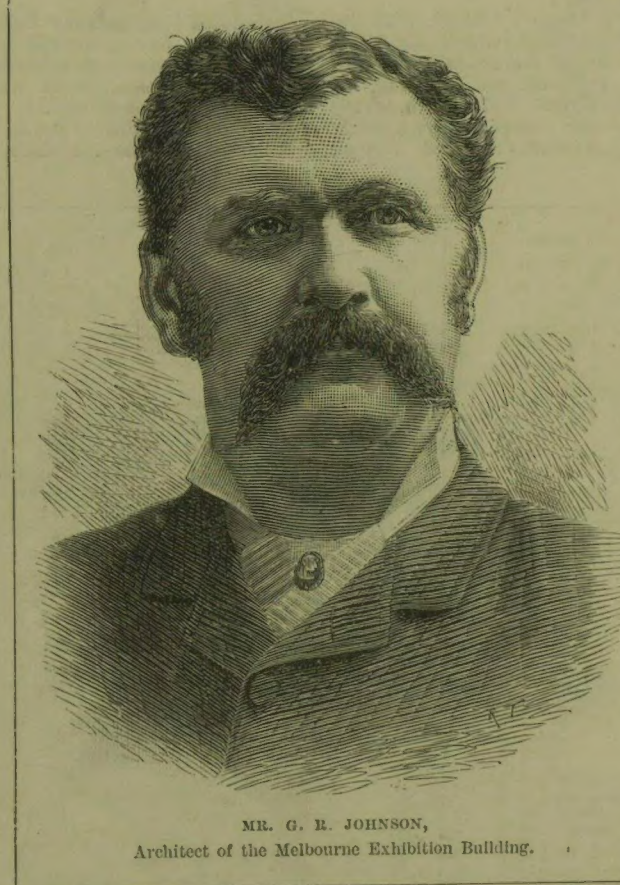
Her Majesty's Government have awarded a gold medal to Mr. Antonio Dionisio Lussich, in recognition of the services rendered by his firm to the crews of the following vessels, wrecked on the English Bank outside the Port of Montevideo—viz., Mabel, of Swansea, Sept. 6, 1886; Amoor, of Liverpool, June 11, 1887; Livingstone, a Canadian vessel, October, 1887.



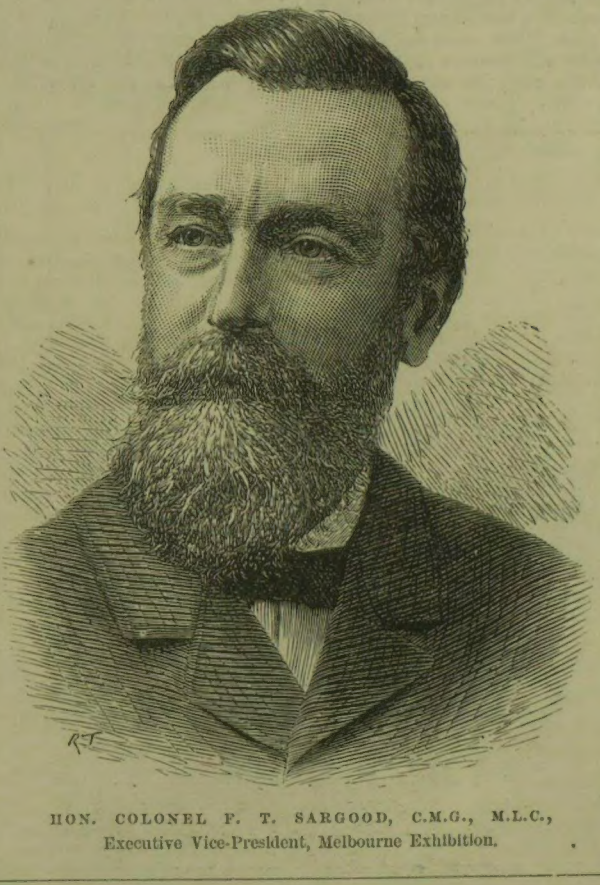
SIR JAMES MACBAIN,
President of Melbourne Exhibition, and of Legislative Council, Victoria.



MR. G. T. A. LAVATER,
Secretary to the Melbourne Exhibition.



MR. G. R. JOHNSON,
Architect of the Melbourne Exhibition Building.



HON. COLONEL F. T. SARGOOD, C.M.G., M.L.C.,
Executive Vice-President, Melbourne Exhibition.

who displayed great enthusiasm; and the whole route presented a brilliant appearance, the windows being crowded with spectators, who cheered heartily, and the houses profusely decorated with flags.

The specially-invited guests, to the number of 7000, had previously assembled inside the Exhibition building, at the entrance of which a guard of honour, with colours, was drawn up. The Grand Avenue of Nations, 1350 yards long, was lined with troops, while the seamen of the Imperial fleet were drawn up round the Grand Hall.

The Governor entered the Exhibition by the north door, where he was received by Sir J. MacBain, the President, the Hon. F. T. Sargood, the Executive Vice-President, the Executive Commissioners, and the members of the Ministry, his arrival being heralded by a flourish of trumpets. His Excellency was then conducted to the dais by the distinguished persons present, the procession being in the following order:—The Marshal of Ceremonies, the Deputy Marshals, the Imperial Naval and Military officers, the officers of the foreign ships of war, the various Colonial commandants, the Ceremonial Committee, the Mayor of Melbourne, the Colonial Judges, the executive commissioners and the secretary, the members of the Australian Cabinets, the Colonial Chief Justices, the Speakers of the various Legislative Assemblies, the Hon. Duncan Gillies, the Victorian Premier; Sir W. Foster Stawell, the Lieutenant-

SKETCHES AT GLASTONBURY, VISITED BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



THE HOLY THORN.

The Congress of the British Association covers a variety of pleasant excursions, which may have an interest that is topographical and historical or antiquarian, if not exactly scientific. To which section of the modern sciences, expressly represented by this Association, belongs the determination of the locality of the fabulous Isle of Avalon, famed in the Arthurian Legend? or the mediæval religious myth of St. Joseph of Arimathea planting the first Christian church on this island among the Somerset marshes and lakes? or the miraculous Christmas flowering, year after year, of the sacred Glastonbury Thorn?

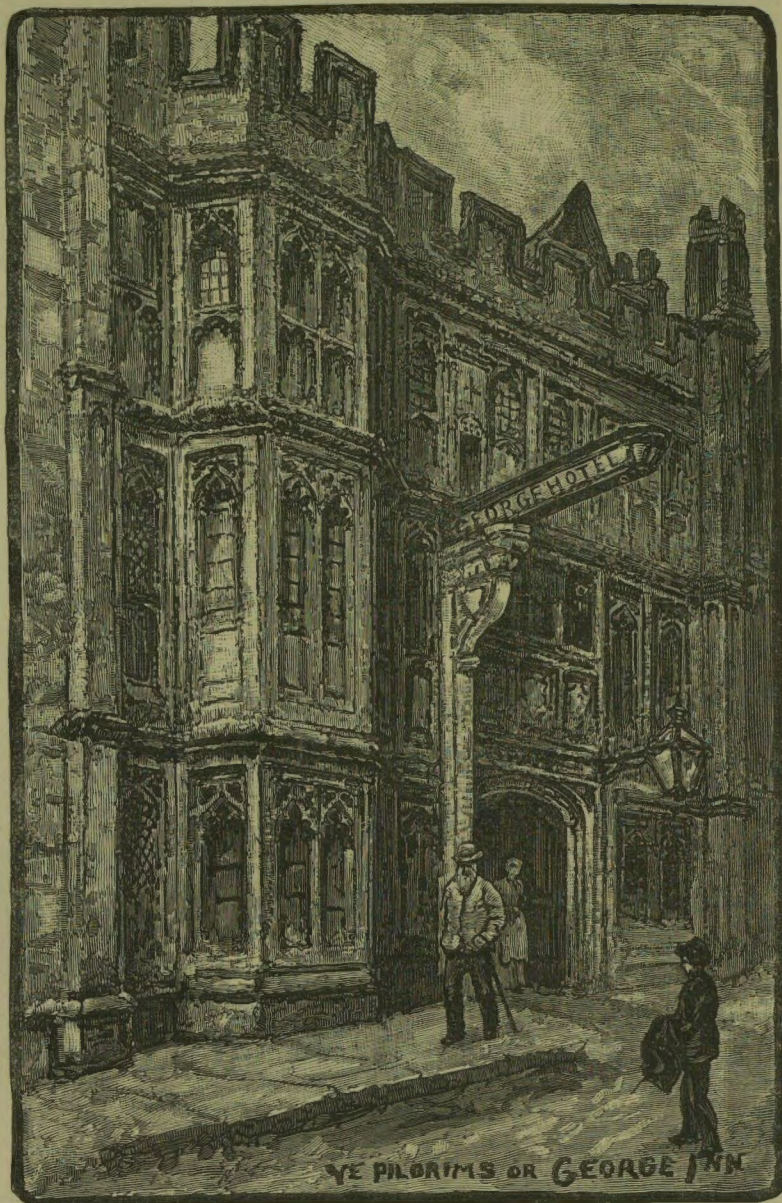
Six miles, south-west of the quiet little episcopal city of Wells, in the wide plain of soft and moist verdure that spreads between the Mendip limestone hills and the moorlands of

Polden, rises a lofty isolated peak, called by the Celtic natives of West Britain a "Tor," conspicuous

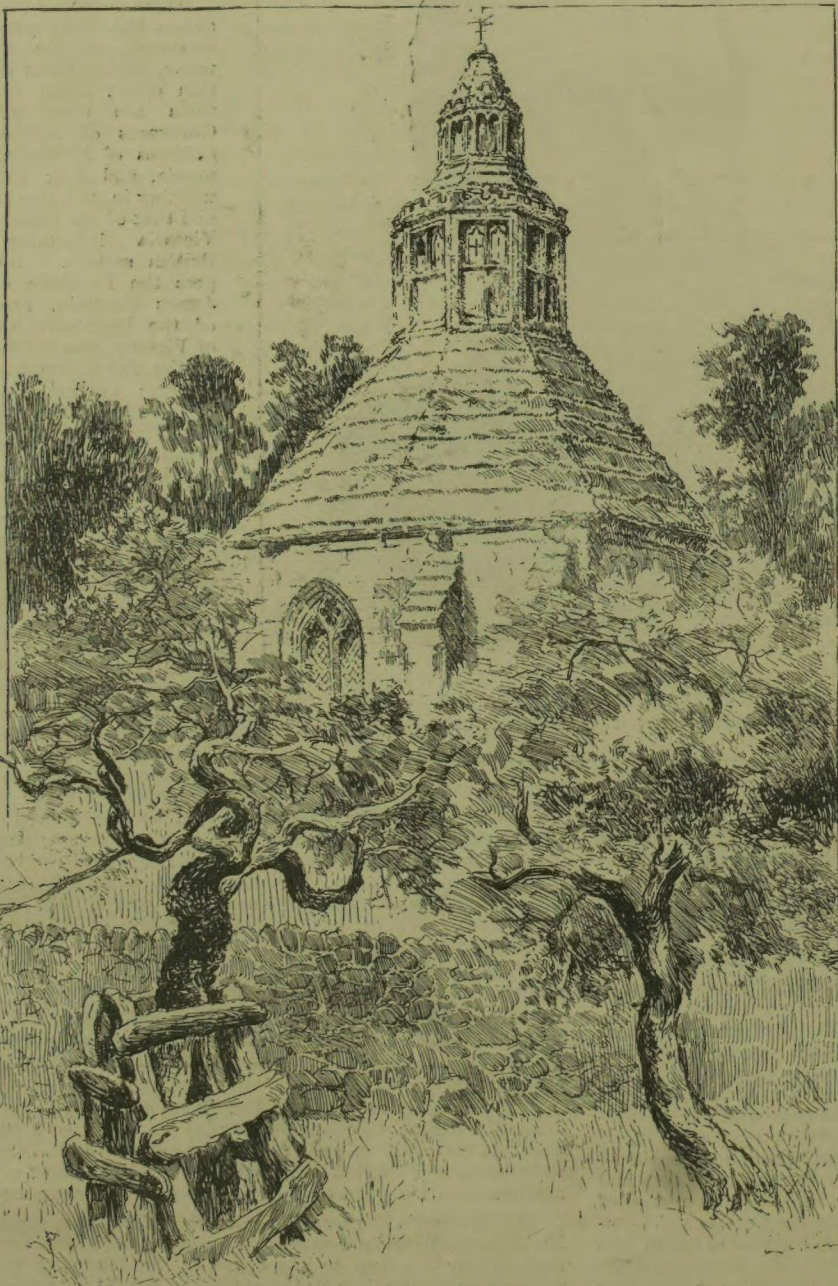
around for many miles, with the tower of an ancient chapel on its top, and with a neat little country town, and the ruins of a noble old Abbey, inviting the traveller on the old Bath-road. Pilgrims or tourists, or any other decent customers, are welcome at the old George Inn, a stately building, as shown in our Artist's Sketch, founded in 1475, by Abbot John Selwood, especially for pilgrims to the holy shrine. If we had lived before the Protestant Reformation, we might have been among the guests, hundreds in a week, sumptuously entertained at the Abbey; and the kitchen, a solid stone building of octagon shape, with a conical roof and double lantern (which appears in another Sketch) remains undemolished, attesting the bounteous ecclesiastical hospitality of the wealthy monks. The Abbey, founded by Saxon Kings, and further endowed by the Normans and the Plantagenets, had been magnificent, its buildings, cloisters, courts, and gardens occupying sixty acres of ground. Of the grand church and its five chapels, in the finest style of later Norman architecture, only some pieces of walls, pillars, arches of windows and other remains are to be seen;

except the beautiful porch of St. Joseph's Chapel, with its doorway and characteristic ornamentation, which our Artist has sketched. Outside of the building a thorn-tree is growing, said to be an offshoot, by continued grafting, of the original Holy Thorn, which was once a dry hawthorn stick, the walking-staff of Joseph

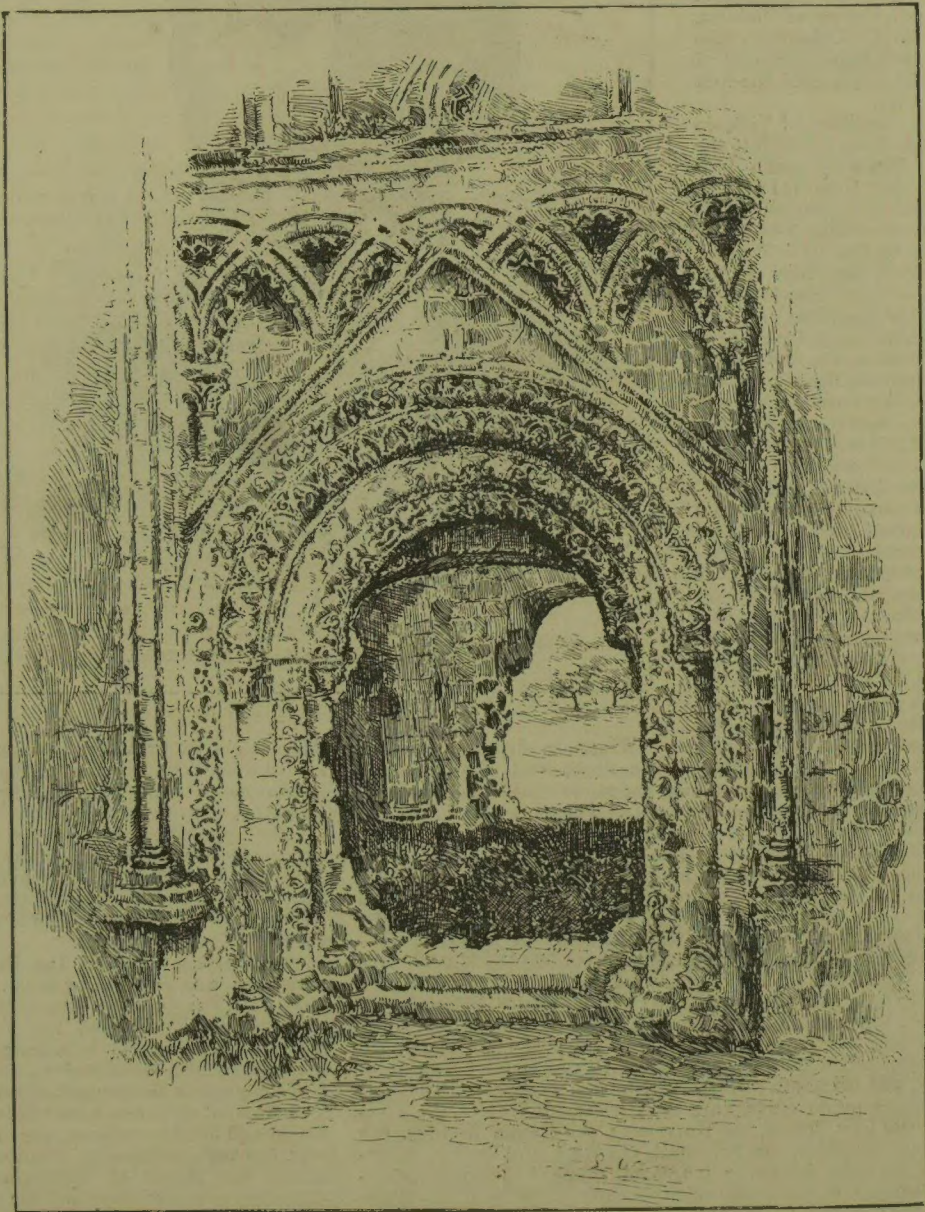
during his long journey from Palestine. He and his twelve companions, having arrived in Britain, sent by St. Philip the Apostle to convert this heathen nation and to cast out the Druid superstition, found their way to "Yniswytryn," as the place was then named. They were all weary; so here on "Weary-all Hill," so called to this day, Joseph stuck his walking-stick into the earth, and it blossomed into flower.



YE PILGRIMS OR GEORGE INN



THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN.



NORMAN PORCH, ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: TORPEDOES AND SHELLS.

The Government manufactory of Ordnance at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, comprises the production not only of guns for the armament of forts and batteries, for the Royal Navy, and for the Field and Horse Artillery, but that of shells of various descriptions to be discharged from the guns, and of torpedoes, the modern instrument for destroying hostile ships. Many of our readers will feel some interest in the construction of these implements of warfare, and by permission of General Maitland, C.B., Director-General of Ordnance Factories, our Artist, Mr. W. D. Almond, has been allowed to make a few sketches of the work going on there, in explanation of which the following statements may be found sufficient for the ordinary reader.

The manufacture of Whitehead torpedoes is carried on in a fine new building, certainly one of the most spacious, lightest, and most convenient workshops in or near London, recently erected at the eastern side of the Arsenal grounds, near the Marshes. Submarine mine apparatus is prepared at Chatham; this factory at Woolwich is devoted entirely to Whitehead torpedoes, of which it makes about two hundred and fifty in a year, all of one pattern; but they are made also for our Government by a private firm, Messrs. Greenwood and Batley, of Leeds. The Whitehead torpedo is a wonderful machine, whatever may prove hereafter to be its actual value in naval warfare. The destructive power of its head, which is charged with 70 lb. of wet gun-cotton, to be ignited by a primer and detonator on striking the side of a ship, is not the most wonderful feature of this machine. It may be regarded as a mechanical swimming fish, rivaling in its independent alacrity the living creatures of the sea, with an automatic locomotive faculty, exerted for a short time, hardly surpassed by any marine animal. The reader must imagine a fish made of metal, 14 ft. 6 in. long and fourteen inches in diameter, somewhat resembling a very large shark in general outline. Its head, of phosphor-bronze, though it opens no dreadful jaws full of sharp teeth, can bite an immense hole in the timber or iron side of the stoutest ship; for its skull or brain-pan is charged with explosive matter that will rend anything, even a solid rock, with which the detonator comes in contact. The middle part or body of the fish, made of Whitworth steel, contains what one might call its heart and lungs, and the source of its muscular activity for swimming. This force of the torpedo as a locomotive engine is the elasticity of condensed air, filling the air-chamber of the breast, and having a force equivalent to the pressure of 1350 lb. on the square inch. Behind the air-chamber is the "buoyancy-chamber," of sheet steel, which enables the torpedo to float. In front of this are placed the engine and gear, worked by the power of the compressed air, to drive the screw-propeller at the tail of the vessel, if a torpedo may be called a vessel. These engines, which are elsewhere employed also for working the machinery of the electric light and for various other purposes, are patented and manufactured by Mr. P. Brotherhood, of Belvedere-road, Lambeth. We do not know the mechanical construction of the engine; but its external appearance is remarkably unassuming; one sees only a cluster of small cylindrical cases, placed obliquely crosswise, and painted red, with a small wheel outside; the whole thing is very compact, and might be lifted with one hand and put into

a common milliner's bonnet-box; this is an engine of thirty-horse power, which would propel a good sized launch or boat as well as a steam-engine could do. It causes the shaft to revolve with immense rapidity; and at the end of the shaft, in the tail, as it were, of the mechanical fish, is the double screw propeller, two sets of spiral flanges revolving in opposite directions, one set being fixed on an outer tube-shaft over the inner solid shaft, which bears the other set; the screw-propeller flanges having a diameter of thirteen inches. This will give to the torpedo, under water, a maximum speed of twenty-seven knots or nautical miles an hour, exceeding that of the swiftest large steam-ships. In front of the propeller, or tail of the fish, are four well-proportioned tail-fins, one pair being the vertical rudders, permanently adjusted, to keep the torpedo in a straight course directed to its object; the other pair are the horizontal rudders, acted upon automatically by a contrivance which is kept a secret, and, when adjusted, serving to keep the torpedo at any required certain depth below the surface of the water, neither rising nor sinking. We can only guess that this contrivance has some connection with regulating the amount of air in the "buoyancy-chamber." The Whitehead torpedo is aimed and discharged, like a military rocket, from a tube on board the ship or torpedo-boat which



GAUGING THE TAIL OF A TORPEDO.

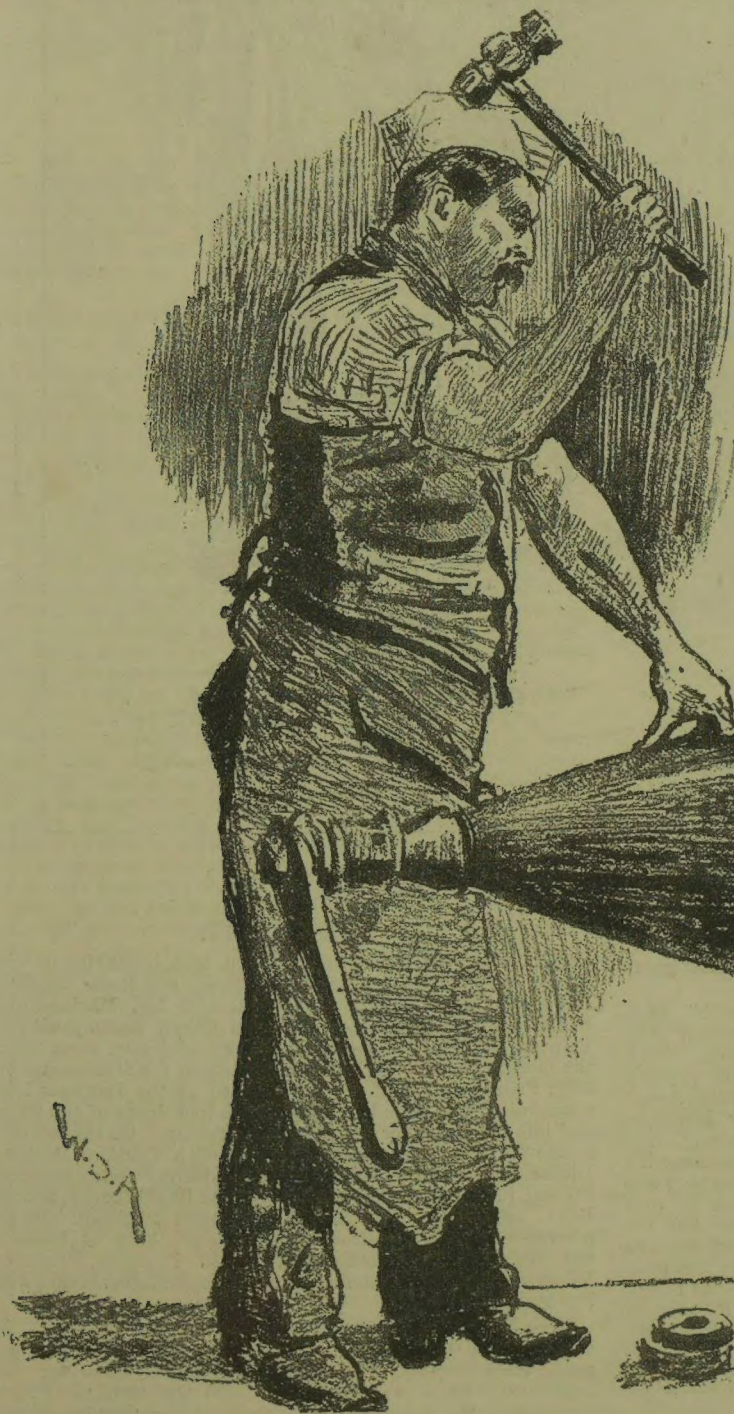
carries this weapon of war; but no sooner is it off than its engine is automatically set working, and its propeller drives it on.

Our illustrations of several incidental operations in the manufacture of Whitehead torpedoes need a few words of explanation. The case for the body is a plate of rolled steel, bent into the form of a hollow cylinder, and riveted; then comes the "Setting up of the Head," which is of phosphor-bronze, and is closed with rivets and brazed. The operation called "Lining out" is that of determining the exact centre line through the torpedo, by the application of a "scribing block," and by

ocular observation. "Gauging the Tail of the Torpedo"—that is, ascertaining the accuracy of the propeller flanges—is another critical operation which does not call for particular comment on our part.

We are much obliged to General E. Maitland, C.B., R.A., Director-General of Ordnance Factories, for permission to inspect and delineate these and other matters of interest; also to Colonel W. R. Barlow, R.A., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, and Mr. A. Anderson, manager of the Laboratory (in which the fuses are manufactured), and to others, for their courtesy and kindness in showing our Artist what was to be seen, and in giving all the information that was desired.

An account of the manufacture of shells and shrapnel shells is deferred till next week.



SETTING UP THE HEAD OF A TORPEDO.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

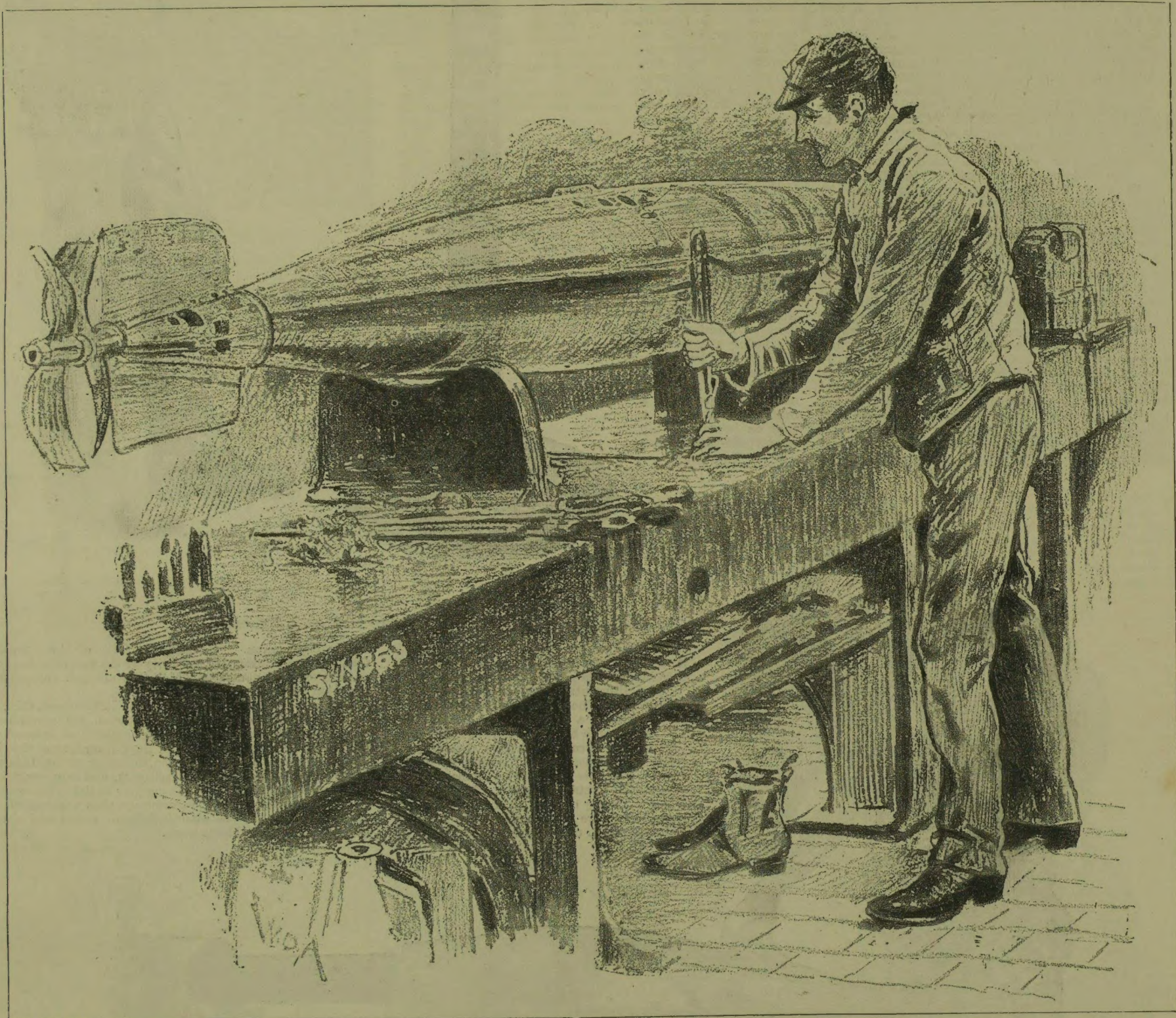
"Hyde and Jekyll," drama, melodrama, farcical comedy, drawing-room drama, English opera, opéra bouffe, ballet divertissement, marionettes—there are already plenty of amusements to choose from in town. The cry is, still they come! The Strand offers "Kleptomania" and the brightened burlesque of "Aladdin" on the Fifteenth of September. Drury-Lane reopens on the Twenty-second with the grand new spectacular drama of "The Armada," which the authors further describe as "a romance of 1588." On the Twenty-fourth, the brand-new Court Theatre, near Sloane-square, under the direction of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, is to be inaugurated with Mr. Sydney Grundy's adaptation of "Les Surprises du Divorce," entitled "Mamma," in which the popular comédienne, Mrs. Wood, appears with Mr. Hare, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and an excellent company. The same evening witnesses the return of Mr. Thomas Thorne to the Vaudeville with "Joseph's Sweetheart." On the Twenty-seventh, the Opéra Comique reopens with Madame Julia Woolf's new "romantic comic opera," "Carina." The new Gilbert-Sullivan opera, having for theme an historical romance in the Tower of London, is in full rehearsal at the Savoy. And Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Henry Pettitt, and Herr Meyer Lütz have been actively collaborating at Scarborough on the

forthcoming new Gaiety burlesque, which is to be "Faust" in a fresh garb. Enough fare here in all conscience for the most enthusiastic theatregoer, without reckoning the new playhouses, the Lyric, the Shaftesbury, and the Garrick, which will also be open in a few months!

The representation of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's weirdly supernatural romance of "She" on the stage may be regarded as an arduous undertaking. The wealth of imagination and poetic sentiment in that powerful story of a female "Claudian" demanded the seductive accompaniments of sensuous music, in addition to artistic acting, and the perfection of scenic illusion, such as Mr. Irving has accustomed us to at the Lyceum, to render the dramatic version of "She" a certain triumph.

Cheerfully making molehills of the mountains of difficulties in her way, Miss Sophie Eyre fulfilled her promise, and on the Sixth of September produced the elaborate drama of "She," by permission of Mr. Haggard, at the Gaiety. The strong and intensely dramatic prologue, written by Mr. Edward Rose with notable skill, may be said to have begun the story of "She" at the very beginning. It transported us to the ancient African city of Kor, two thousand years back. There, the Queen Ayesha stabbed the Greek priest Kallikrates, because he would not return her love, and brought down upon herself the terrible curse of his wife Amenartas

(Miss Fanny Enson). This prologue, admirably constructed by Mr. Rose, was powerfully acted, and started "She" well on her life through the centuries. Therefrom, two thousand years being supposed to elapse, the course of Mr. Haggard's stirring tale was pretty closely followed. The strange legend inscribed on the potsherd and papers was interpreted at his Cambridge rooms by Leo Vincey with the aid of his guardian, Horace Holly. Finding himself heir to the vengeance of his ancestress, Amenartas, Leo Vincey there and then determined to set sail for the far distant African city to wreak vengeance on the Queen of Kor for the murder of Kallikrates. With remarkable rapidity, the voyage and the wreck were forcibly illustrated, and the cannibalistic Amahagger people introduced. In accordance with the peculiar habits of the Amahaggers, the fair Ustane fell in love at first sight with stalwart Leo Vincey, who reciprocated her fondness; and Leo's low-comedy valet, Job, inspired another native with affection. This second act, undeniably picturesque, was brought to an effective close by the endeavour to "hot-pot" Mehomed, the Arab captain of the wrecked dhow, by a vigorous fight between Leo and his party and the natives, and by the sudden appearance of the radiant figure of "She," before whom all the Amahaggers quailed. With undoubted power did Miss Sophie Eyre from first to last enact the supernatural part of "She—who-must-be-obeyed," doomed by the curse of Amenartas



"LINING OUT" A TORPEDO (MAKING A CENTRE LINE).

to live for ages. As Queen, arrayed in flowing white garments and veil, Miss Eyre was commanding. As the jealous rival of Ustane, the accomplished actress was intensely earnest in her vituperation and fell revenge; and as the impassioned lover of Kallikrates' descendant, Leo Vincey, she was suddenly transformed into the arch enchantress again, soft-voiced and honeyed. Considerable curiosity existed as to how the death of "She" would be managed. After guiding Leo and Holly over the perilous rocks to the "Cavern of the Fire of Life," and imparting to Leo the secret of prolonging life by inhaling the flame, "She" apparently passed through the pillar of fire, but, instead of being turned to the mummy of a monkey, as in the book, Queen Ayesha became transformed into a grey and shrieking witch, and fell dead at the feet of Leo and Holly. At the end of "She," Mr. William Sidney led Miss Clo. Graves before the curtain, that clever young writer being named with Mr. Sidney as joint author of the acts succeeding the prologue. As Mr. H. Rider Haggard stated, in the course of a brief speech he made from a private box, complimenting Miss Eyre on the production, there are "possibilities" in "She" as a drama. The excision of phrases calculated to excite derision, with the addition of the embellishments we suggested in our opening remarks, would possibly make "She" an exceedingly attractive play. It was assuredly capably acted by Miss Eyre, by Miss Mary Rorke as Ustane, Miss Fanny Enson as Amenartas, Mr. Edmund Maurice as Kallikrates and Leo, Mr. Julian Cross

as Holly, Mr. James East as timid Job Round, Mr. E. Cleary as Mehomed, Mr. H. Maxwell as the white-bearded Billali, Mr. Edmund Gurney as the Chief Ugogo, and by the Amahaggers whom Mr. John D'Auban trained.

"When in doubt, play 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man'!" That seems to be the standing rule at the Olympic, which Miss Agnes Hewitt reopened on the Eighth of September with a remarkably bright and interesting revival of Tom Taylor's powerful drama. It was very strongly cast. Miss Agnes Hewitt was a prepossessing and charming May Edwards, Mr. Henry Neville renewed his youth as Robert Brierly. Injunction scolding, Mr. Charles Sugden played Jem Dalton with quiet force. Mrs. Stephens, the original Mrs. Willoughby, was missed; but Mrs. Huntley made a good substitute in that mirth-moving part. Miss Jennie Lee was rather too demonstrative as Sam Willoughby. Mr. J. P. Burnett was the Hawkshaw, and Mr. F. Motley Wood, Melter Moss. Mr. Compton Coutts's quaint Green Jones well matched the vivacious Emily St. Evremond of Miss Helen Ferrers (a sister of Miss Fortescue). Mr. Jerome St. Jerome, author of one of the most sympathetic one-act pieces on the stage, "Barbara," furnished a neatly-written poetical "curtain-riser" in "Pity is Akin to Love."

The Duchess of Albany and family arrived at Ballater by Queen's Messenger train on the morning of Sept. 11. Her Royal Highness drove to Birkhall.

THE COURT.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, who is staying at Glen Muich, dined on Sept. 6 with the Queen and Royal family at Balmoral, and Viscount Cranbrook and Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail also had that honour. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke of Hesse, went out on the morning of the 7th, and her Majesty in the afternoon drove with Princess Alice of Hesse, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill. The Grand Duke of Hesse took leave of the Queen and left the castle for London and Germany. On the morning of the 8th, the Queen again went out with Princess Beatrice. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday morning, the 9th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Alice of Hesse to the Mains of Abergeldie, and visited Princess Frederica. Princess Beatrice joined the Queen there, and drove home with her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales arrived in Vienna on Sept. 10. In the course of the day the Emperor called on his Royal Highness. Subsequently, the Crown Prince had an interview, and both these visits were returned. On the 11th the Prince dined with the Emperor of Austria, the banquet being held in honour of the Czar's fête day. His Royal Highness afterwards left Vienna for Bellovar with the Emperor and the Crown Prince.

THE RISING IN ZULULAND.

The prompt energy of General Smyth, and the experience and ability of his staff, have succeeded, so far as can be judged from the news up to this date, in stopping what at first promised to be another of those "little wars" which have made South Africa so great a drain on the British Exchequer. There have, however, not been wanting several exciting engagements with the enemy in this latest Zulu outbreak.

In the midst of steeply undulating grassy downs is situated the head-quarters station of the Resident Commissioner of the Lower Umvolosi, Mr. Pretorius. Early in June, this representative of the paramount British authority was besieged by several thousand insurgent Zulus. He had with him five or six whites, fifty native police, and several hundred native allies. He made two successful sallies, though losing, perhaps, fifty of his native allies killed. The General arrived in Zululand towards the end of June, and at once sent a flying column of regular cavalry, mounted rifles, and infantry, under Major McKean (Inniskilling Dragoons) and Captain Baden-Powell (13th Hussars), who successfully relieved Mr. Pretorius, built a fort, left a hundred infantry in garrison, and dispersed the insurgents.

The military head-quarters were fixed at Ekowe, or Etchowe, a place notable for the siege there sustained by Colonel Pearson (now General Sir Edward Pearson) in the great Zulu war. In one of our Sketches, General Smyth, with his chief of the staff, Colonel Curtis, C.M.G., is taking the verbal report of a mounted messenger, whose Zulu orderly holds the horses on which they have just reached head-quarters. On one occasion a flying column was dispatched to relieve a beleaguered police fort at Nwandwe, at which a loyal Zulu tribe had taken refuge. The station had to be abandoned, and the natives were brought away to a place of security. We give a Sketch, by one who was there, of an incident common on that march, when the Inniskillings frequently helped the native women along by relieving them of their baby burdens, showing that dragooning in Zululand is not inconsistent with kindly feeling.

The telegrams do not tell us much of the work done by the Native Contingent, which the Civil authorities seem always attempting to raise; but the General made special arrangements with the well-known "Zulu Englishman," John Dunn,



NEWS FOR THE GENERAL.

often widely different animals; plants are often bound to other plants in ties of close but apparently meaningless relationship; while animals and plants may be associated by bonds that literally no man may put asunder. There is a well-known case of linked lives seen in the association of a well-known hermit-crab with an equally well-known sea-anemone—the Cloak species. The latter is stuck firmly on the whelk-shell within which Mr. Pagurus, as the hermit-crab is named, ensconces himself. When this crustacean anchorite moves about, he carries his friend the anemone on the roof of his house. It is not exactly a repetition of the sore perplexity of Sinbad, with his

the principle of Dean Swift's fleas, is, of course, a well-known fact. These are the "parasites" of zoology and botany. We can very well understand an animal or plant becoming not only a lodger but a boarder also, on another animal or plant; and, like certain discontented tenants in these latter days, not only paying no rent, but dishonestly absorbing the nutriment manufactured by the host for its own use. Parasites, we can appreciate, as to the selfishness of their motives. They live rent-free, often in the very kitchen of their host, and are the gainers in the sense of the easy life they lead, although Nature does work out her revenges by making the idle parasite mostly a rudimentary being, and by depriving it of the organs which other independent and honest-living animals possess. "Linked lives" of this latter nature are not difficult to comprehend.

Within recent years, an idea has been gaining ground in the minds of natural historians that many examples of linked lives are to be discovered in quarters where their existence could scarcely have been suspected. For instance, what are we to think of the case of those well-known plants the cycads? In certain species grown in pots, branches shoot upwards from the roots, showing a different structure from the ordinary root-processes of the plant. In these peculiar roots are discovered collections of a species of the lowest forms of plants (or algae) known by the name of Nostoc. Into the cycad-roots these lesser neighbours creep and multiply. They tinge the layer of the root where they are found with a blue colour, and they even cause alterations in the root-structure itself. Nothing is known of the reason of these linked lives of high and low plants. All we can say is that the association is constant and continuous; its object is unknown. Again, the well-known lichens seem now to be capable of being resolved by botanists each into two distinct kinds of plants leading thence their linked lives. The apparently uniform and single lichen really consists of a fungus *plus* an alga, or lowest form of plant-life. It would seem, in truth, that the latter plays the part of lion's provider to the fungus, and that it supplies the fungus with food; but none the less is it a



MR. PRETORIUS'S FORT.

who supported our expedition with 2000 of his tribesmen. We give the Sketch-portrait of this useful Chief in the act of leading off one impi of his followers on the war-path, while some of those who remain perform the usual ceremony of a farewell war-dance.

DESTRUCTIVE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN JAPAN.

The recent eruption of a volcano in the Bandai-san mountain range, which is situated in the principal island of Japan, above Lake Inawashiro, about 150 miles north of Yokohama, proved terribly destructive, causing the loss of nearly 600 lives, demolishing 200 houses, and devastating a very large extent of land. In July, soon after this disaster occurred, an English party from Yokohama, consisting of General Palmer, R.E., Captain Brinkley, R.A., Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Trevelthick, and Mr. Edgar Abbott, went to view the effects of the eruption. Mr. Edgar Abbott made the Sketches with which he has furnished us: one of which shows the view from the centre of the valley, looking up at the crater wall, a newly-formed cliff 600 ft. high, behind which, to the right hand, steam appears issuing from the crater. Quite one-third of this part of the mountain, in front of the cliff, was blown away by the eruption, and here 250 people were buried alive by the enormous mass of mud, rocks, and earth, and volcanic substance. The other Sketch is that of the villages of Kawagami and Kagasaka, with a mine and some huts on the slope of the hill to the left hand, and with a vast heap of mud and stones that issued from the side of the mountain, and beneath which 157 persons lost their lives belonging to these unfortunate villages.

An interesting description, written, we believe, by General Palmer, was published in the *Times* of Sept. 11, from which we learn that the Sho Bandai-san Mountain, 5300 ft. high, was by this volcanic eruption, on July 15, almost in the twinkling of an eye, "blown into the air and wiped out of the map of Japan," and a deluge of falling earth and rocks, mud or hot sand and dust, fell upon a dozen upland hamlets, pouring down the neighbouring valleys to a distance of five or six miles. The river Nagase, which flowed along the foot of the mountain range, to the left hand in our view, is now blocked up by a barrier of mud 200 ft. high, and it is expected that the whole of the Nagasegawa valley will be converted into a lake, as many pools have already formed. No lava has been ejected, or any of the burning cinders discharged by some volcanoes; the explosion was that of subterranean steam, as in the Tarawera eruption of New Zealand. The Mikado and the Imperial Government are making great efforts to relieve the surviving families and the distressed people of the district.

The Manchester City Council has applied to the Board of Trade for leave to borrow nearly half a million of money to be spent on sewerage works. Ninety-four acres of land have been bought as a place for the deposit of refuse.

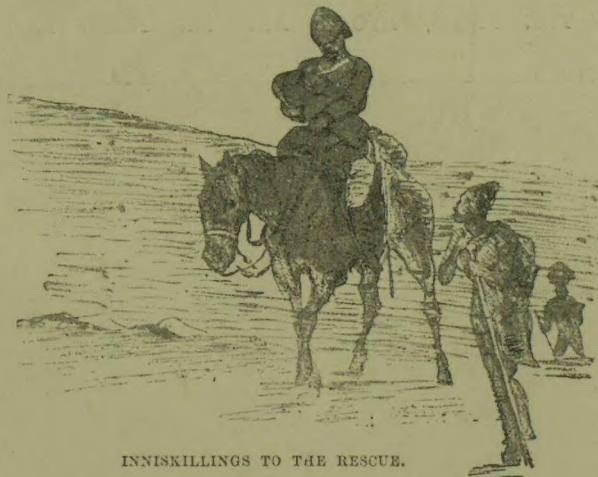
A memorial to the late Lord St. John has been erected in the chancel of Bletsoe Church, Bedfordshire, in the shape of a beautiful three-light window, representing the "Angel at the Tomb," with the text, "He is not here, for He is risen." The inscription at the foot is—"In memory of St. Andrew, 15th Baron St. John, of Bletsoe, born Oct. 5, 1840, died Nov. 2, 1887. Erected by his wife and children." The work was designed and executed by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LINKED LIVES.

Somewhere or other, I fancy, I have heard of a story, or novel, which bore the title I have chosen for this paper. Doubtless the tale in question, if it possesses an existence at all, deals with existences which are bound together by one or other of the ties that link human lives in the bonds of friendship, love, trust, or their opposites—love, hate, and even crime itself. In the lower life that pulsates around us, all unsuspected and unknown, one comes across not a few illustrations of "linked lives." Animals seem to be tied by mystic bonds to other and

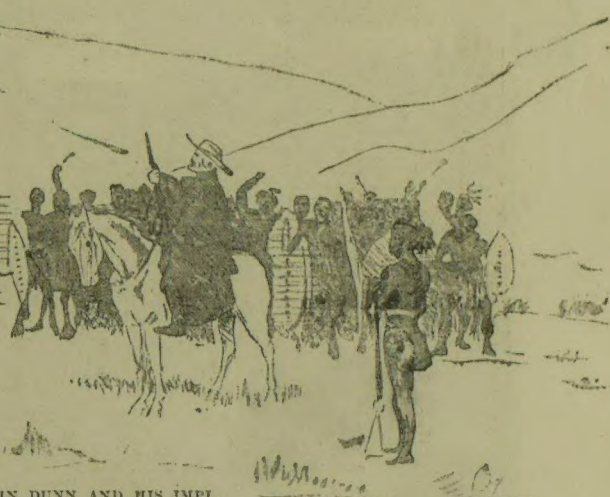
Old Man of the Sea, but it is something nearly approaching to the case of that famous mariner. Between the two animals there is some association or other, deeper than a mere accidental companionship can explain. You never find this species of hermit-crab without the anemone reposing peacefully on its shell, like a mahout on his elephant's back. The companionship is invariable in its character; nay, more, it is a matter of one-sided esteem, apparently, on the part of hermit Pagurus. For he has been seen to feed the anemone with his big claws, which bar the entrance to his shell when he has withdrawn into his abode. When Pagurus removes to a new shell his anemone-friend is not left in the lurch. It is detached by the crab from the old shell, and placed triumphantly on the new one. I have called this esteem a one-sided affair; for, considering what a sea-anemone is—an almost



INNISKILLINGS TO THE RESCUE.

nerveless creature, while the crab is at least respectably organised as to nerves and senses—we can hardly suppose the former has much to say in the matter of the domestic and other arrangements included in its co-tenancy with the crab.

But the anemone race returns the compliment, not exactly to the crab-kind but to the fishes, in the matter of linked lives. A big tropical anemone is known which gives shelter to small fishes within its body. The fishes have been seen to swim freely in and out of their strange shelter. Now, to a sea-anemone all that enters its mouth, or comes within reach of the feelers that surround that aperture, is fair game in the way of food. An ordinary anemone engulfs and digests the crab or periwinkle that has been unfortunate enough to stumble across its feelers. So it is, I confess, a somewhat inexplicable fact that other anemones should, in the manner noted, act as willing hosts to fish-guests. Perchance, on the theory of that habit which becomes second nature, this association may be reasoned out. That which began as a chance companionship, became strengthened into a permanent one. We can go no further in arguing out such a case as that before us, because there appears to be no advantage save, perhaps, that of shelter enjoyed by the fish, and no return at all, apparently, given by the fish to its gelatinous host. That there are creatures living in or upon other creatures, on



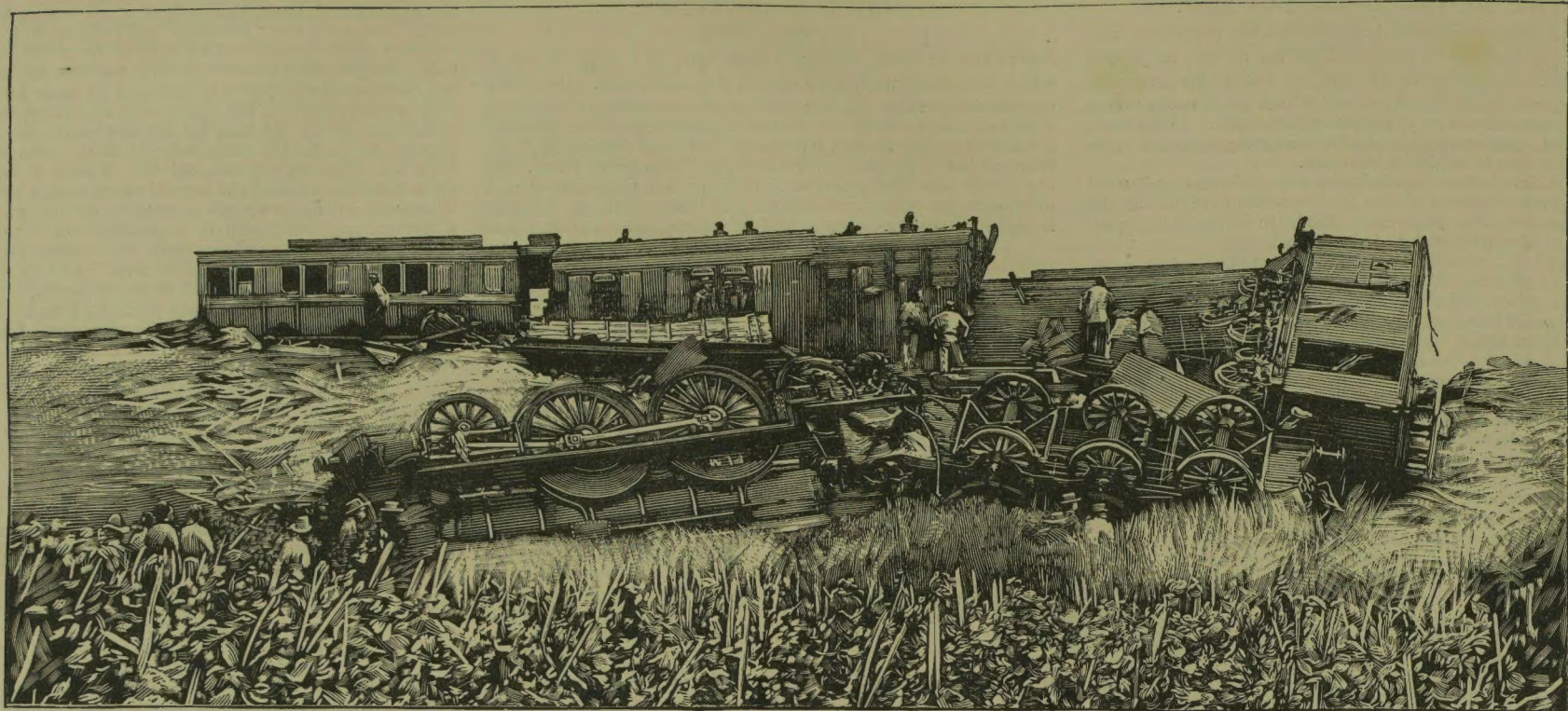
JOHN DUNN AND HIS IMPI.

striking fact in modern botany to find that the lichen resolves itself to-day into two distinct but closely-united plants.

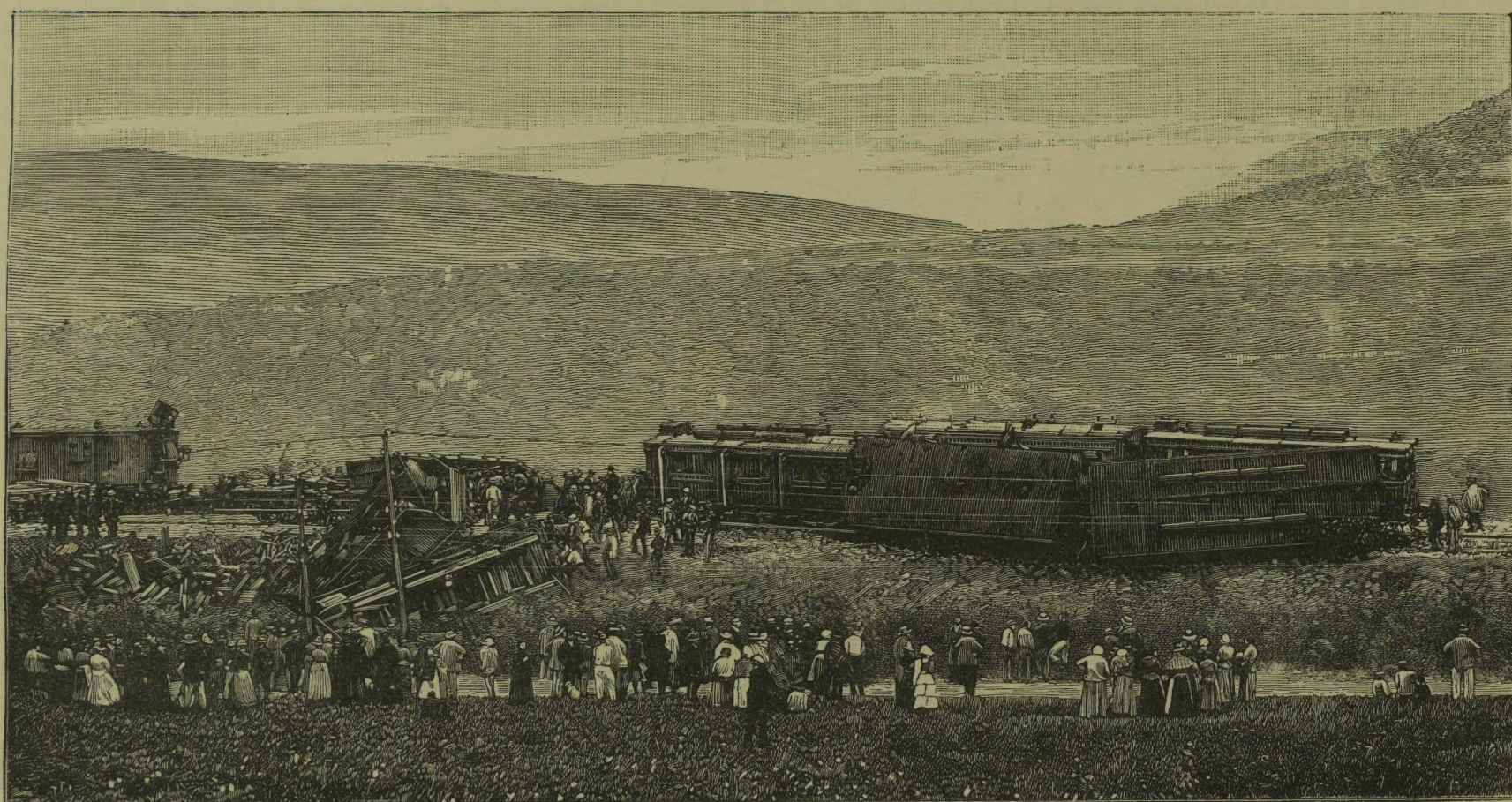
Among the animal denizens of the pools we find the little green hydras, each consisting of a minute tubular body, attached to the waterweed by an extremity, and having a mouth and tentacles at the free end of the body. Now, certain species of hydras are coloured green, and of late it has been suggested that this green hue (which is certainly due to the presence of the green-colouring matter of plants) is really contributed by microscopic algae; and these, doubtless, live on the waste matters which are excreted or given off from the animal whose tissues they inhabit. These green algae perform a service to the lichens and fungi of reverse nature. These latter are not green, and cannot, therefore, feed as do green plants. The little algae, however, can, and do, manufacture food-stuffs from the carbonic acid gas of the air, and, in truth, supply the fungus with ready-made nutriment. The truth is, that probably when we have become better accustomed to regard linked lives in nature and their meanings, we shall discover many additional examples of such relationships. The whole subject is only a new phase of the old interdependence of life. The lion cannot live without the antelope; and the antelope, in its turn, cannot exist where there are no grasses to eat. The linked lives here include the grass, the antelope, and the lion, in a cycle wherein is no break or gap at all. When the lion dies, his elements go back to the world of non-living matter to feed the grasses, and thus the cycle revolves. So far from linked existences being rarities of nature, they would seem in this broad sense to represent the ordinary method of life's working—so true is it that nothing either in lower nature or in human life stands utterly solitary and alone. ANDREW WILSON.

RAILWAY COLLISION IN FRANCE.

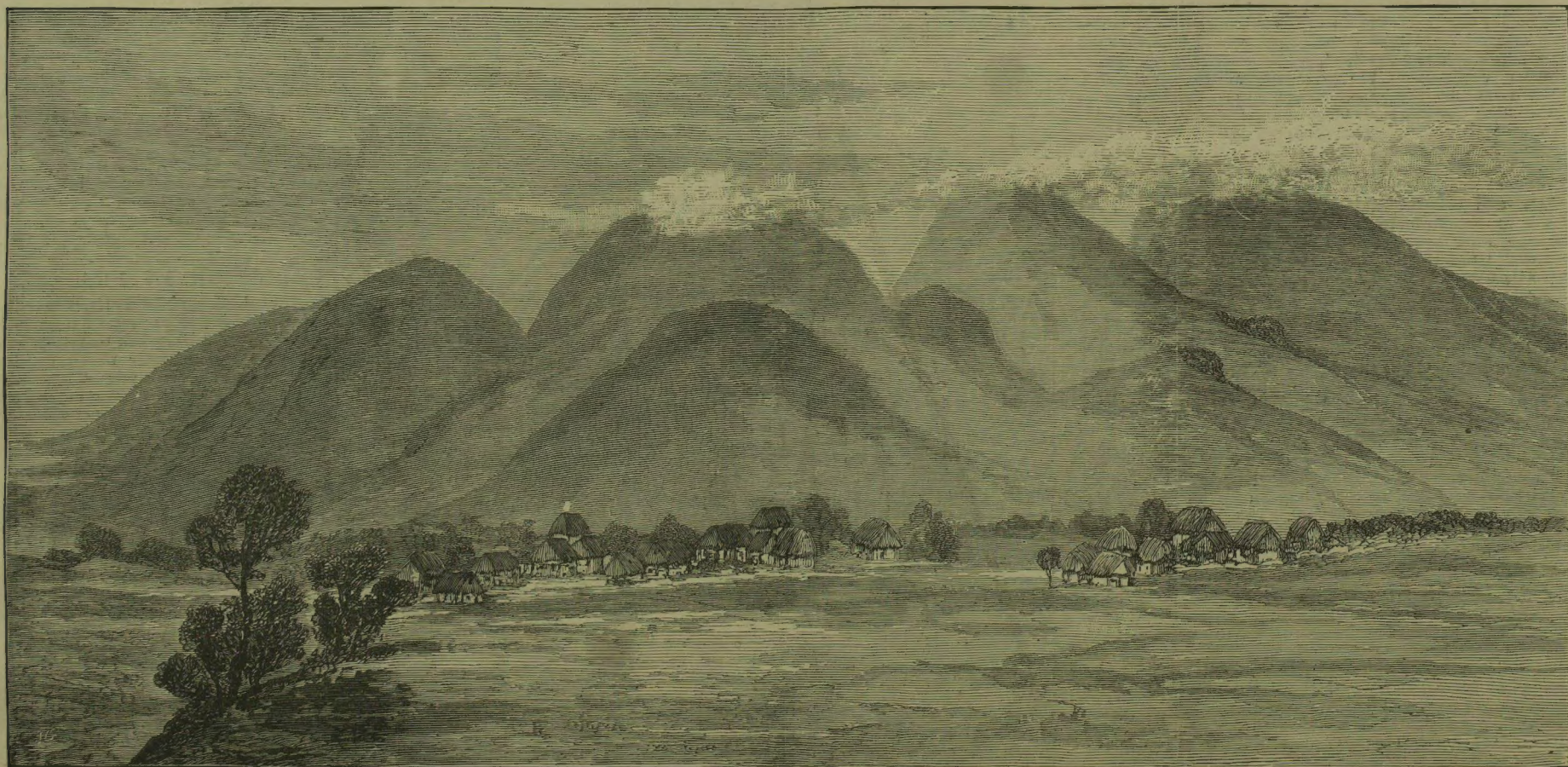
The terrible accident of Sept. 5, on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, by which twelve persons were killed and forty others were injured, several English travellers being among those who suffered, was a disaster that must have caused much anxiety at this period of the tourist season. It took place at Velars, five miles from Dijon, where the express train coming from Italy by the Mont Cenis tunnel route, and going to Paris, having passed Mâcon and Dijon, ran off the rails, obstructing both lines, and was run into, a few minutes afterwards, by the express-train coming from Paris on the way to Geneva. This happened in the night, or about half-past two in the morning. The collision was extremely violent, as the express-train from Paris, being late, was going at full speed down an incline; both engines were knocked over the embankment, eight carriages of the other train were crushed to pieces, and few of the passengers escaped some hurt. Among those killed was Miss Edith Marriott, of Cromwell-road, London, while Captain Edward Marriott was seriously injured; Mr. M. Bachet, of Asnières, near Paris, with his wife and brother, all killed; a French gentleman named Lorette, on his way, accompanied by his wife, to visit a sick son at Belley; a French officer and his child, while his wife remained unhurt by their side; and the driver and guard of the train. One, who seems to have been looking out of the carriage window, had his head cut sheer off by the other train dashing close past the carriage. Those in the sleeping-car were not much hurt, if at all. Among those injured were Miss Muriel, of Chester, a lady governess, Miss Green, and Mr. and Mrs. Blumberg, of London, and Mr. E. L. Owen, a young English student.



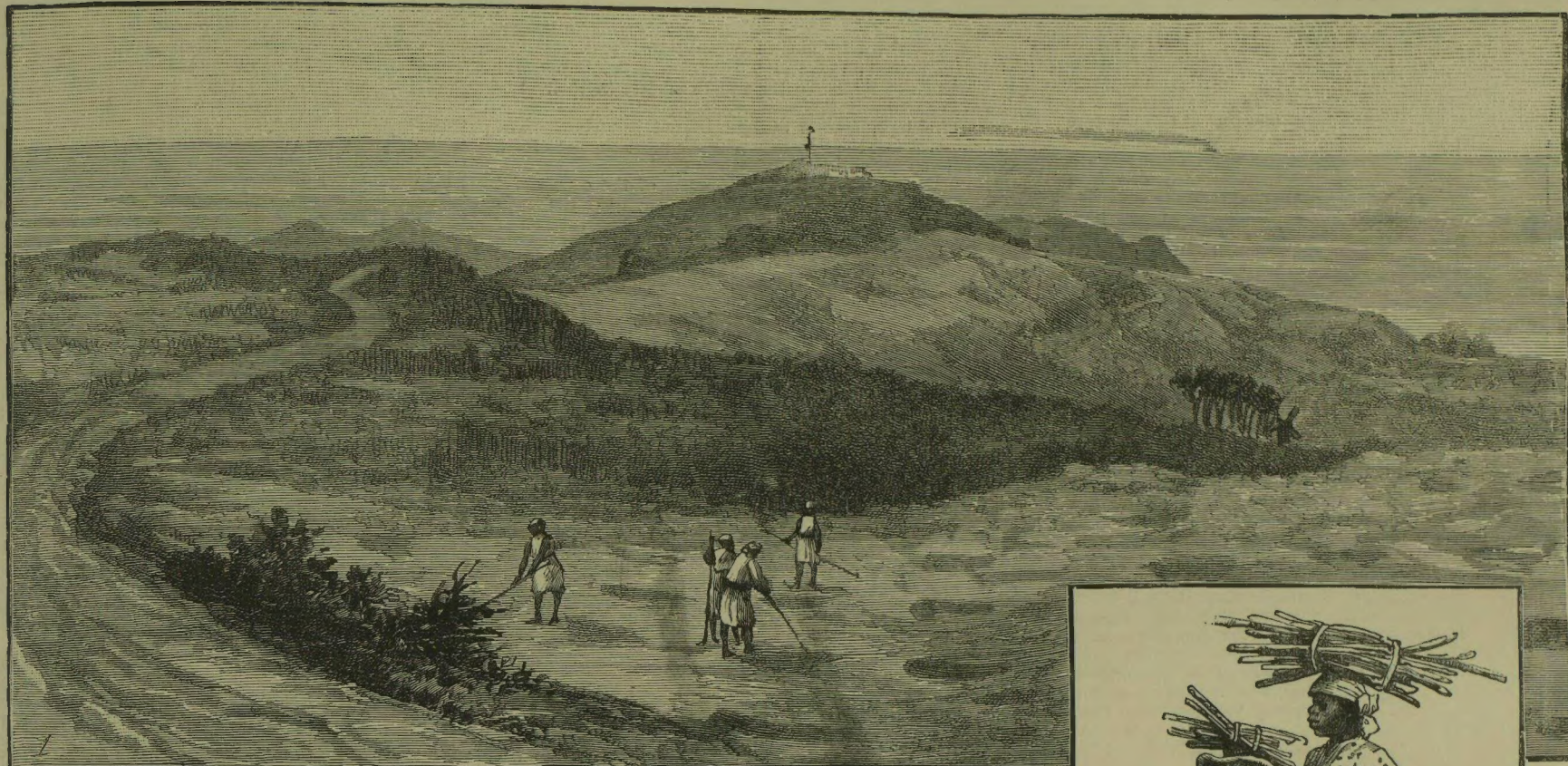
WRECK OF THE EXPRESS-TRAIN FROM ITALY.



WRECK OF THE GENEVA EXPRESS-TRAIN FROM PARIS.
DISASTROUS COLLISION ON THE PARIS, LYONS, AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY, NEAR DIJON.



THE BANDAI-SAN MOUNTAIN, IN JAPAN, WHERE THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION DESTROYED FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE.



1. Bissex Hill, St. Joseph.
2. "Sugar-cane, a halfpenny a stick!"

3. The Bearded Fig-tree.
4. View from St. John's Church.

5. Sugar-cane going to market.
6. Sugar-cane tops for cattle fodder.

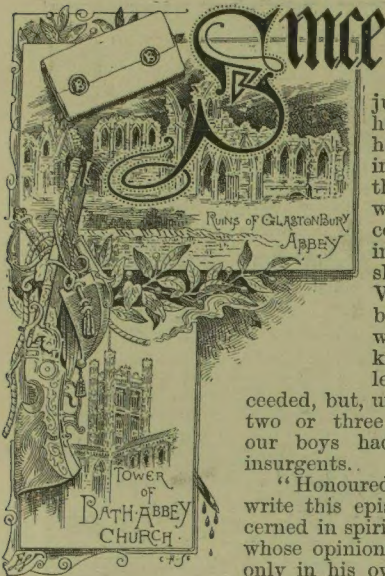
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

BENJAMIN'S WARNING.



I have so much to tell, before long, of Benjamin's evil conduct, it must in justice be recorded of him that at this juncture he endeavoured, knowing more of the world than we of Somerset, to warn and dissuade his cousins from taking part in any attempt which should be made in the West. And this he did by means of a letter written to his father. I know not how far the letter might have succeeded, but, unfortunately, it arrived two or three days too late—when our boys had already joined the insurgents.

"Honoured Sir," he wrote, "I write this epistle, being much concerned in spirit lest my grandfather, whose opinions are well known, not only in his own county but also at the Court, should be drawn into, or

become cognisant of, some attempt to raise the West Country against their lawful King. It will not be news to you that the Earl of Argyll hath landed in Scotland, where he will meet with such a reception which will doubtless cause him to repent of his rashness. It is also currently reported, and everywhere believed, that the Duke of Monmouth intends immediately to embark and cross the sea with the design of raising the country in rebellion. The Dissenters, who have been going about with sour looks for five-and-twenty years, venture now to smile and look pleased in anticipation of another civil war. This may follow, but its termination, I think, will not be what they expect.

"I have also heard that my cousin Humphrey, Dr. Eykin's favourite pupil, who hath never concealed his opinions, hath lately returned from Holland (where the exiles are gathered), and passed through London accompanied by Robin. I have further learned that while in London he visited (but alone, without Robin's knowledge) many of those who are known to be friends of the Duke and red-hot Protestants. Wherefore, I greatly fear that he hath been in correspondence with the exiles, and is cognisant of their designs, and may even be their messenger to announce the intentions of his Protestant champion. Certain I am that should any chance occur of striking a blow for freedom of worship, my cousin, though he is weak and of slender frame, will join the attempt. He will also endeavour to draw after him everyone in his power. Therefore, my dear father, use all your influence to withstand him, and, if he must for his own part plunge into ruin, persuade my grandfather and my cousin Robin to stay quiet at home.

"I hear it on the best authority that the temper of the country, and especially in your part of it, hath been carefully studied by the Government, and is perfectly well known. Those who would risk life and lands for the Duke of Monmouth are few indeed. He may, perhaps, draw a rabble after him, but no more. The fat tradesmen, who most long for the conventicle, will not fight, though they may pray for him. The country gentlemen may be Protestants, but they are mostly for Church and King. It is quite true that his Majesty is a Roman Catholic, nor hath he ever concealed or denied his religion, being one who scorns deception. It is also true that his profession of faith is a stumbling-block to many who find it hard to reconcile their teaching of Non-Resistance and Divine Right with the introduction of the Mass and the Romish Priest. But the country hath not yet forgotten the sour rule of the Independent; and rather than suffer him to return, the people will endure a vast deal of Royal Prerogative.

"It is absolutely certain—assure my grandfather on this point, whatever he may learn from Humphrey—that the better sort will never join Monmouth, whether he comes as another Cromwell to restore the Commonwealth, or whether he aspires to the Crown and dares to maintain—a thing which King Charles did always stoutly deny—that his mother was married. Is it credible that the ancient throne of these Kingdoms should be usurped by the base-born son of Lucy Waters?

"I had last night the honour of drinking a bottle of wine with that great lawyer, Sir George Jeffreys. The conversation turned upon this subject. We were assured by the Judge that the affections of the people are wholly with the King; that the liberty of worship which he demands for himself he will also willingly extend to the country, so that the last pretence of reason for disaffection shall be removed. Why should the people run after Monmouth, when if he were successful, he could give no more than the King is ready to give? I was also privately warned by Sir George that my grandfather's name is unfavourably noted, and his actions and speeches will be watched. Therefore, Sir, I humbly beg that you will represent to him and to my cousins, and to Dr. Eykin himself, first the hopelessness of any such enterprise and the certainty of defeat; and next the punishment which will fall upon the rebels and upon those who lend them any countenance. Men of such a temper as Dr. Comfort Eykin will, doubtless, go to the scaffold willingly with their mouths full of the texts which they apply to themselves on all occasions. For such I have no pity, yet for the sake of his wife and daughter I would willingly, if I could, save him from the fate which will be his if Monmouth lands on the West. And as for my grandfather, 'tis terrible to think of his white hairs blown by the breeze while the hangman adjusts the knot; and I should shudder to see the blackened limbs of Robin stuck upon poles for all the world to see.

"It is my present intention, if my affairs permit, to follow my fortunes on the Western Circuit in the autumn, when I shall endeavour to ride from Taunton or Exeter to Bradford Orcas. My practice grows apace. Daily I am heard in the Courts. The Judges already know me and listen to me. The juries begin to feel the weight of my arguments. The attorneys besiege my chambers. For a junior I am in great demand. It is my prayer that you, Sir, may live to see your son Chancellor and a Peer of the realm. Less than Lord Chancellor will not content me. As for marriage, that might hinder my rise; I shall not marry yet. There is in your parish, Sir, one who knows my mind upon this matter. I shall be pleased to think that you will assure her—you know

very well whom I mean—that my mind is unaltered, and that my way is now plain before me. So, I remain, with dutiful respect, your obedient son,

"B. B."

This letter arrived, I say, after the departure of Robin with his company of village-lads.

When Mr. Boscorel had read it slowly and twice over so as to lose no point of the contents, he sat and pondered a while. Then he arose, and with troubled face he sought Sir Christopher, to whom he read it through. Then he waited for Sir Christopher to speak.

"The boy writes," said his Honour, after a while, "according to his lights. He repeats the things he hears said by his boon companions. Nay, more, he believes them. Why, it is easy for them to swear loyalty and to declare in their cups where the affections of the people are placed."

"Sir Christopher, what is done cannot be undone. The boys are gone—alas!—but you still remain. Take heed for a space what you say as well as what you do."

"How should they know the temper of the country?" Sir Christopher went on, regardless. "What doth the foul-mouthed profligate Sir George Jeffreys know concerning sober and godly people? These are not noisy Templars; they are not profligates of the Court; they are not haunters of tavern and pot-house; they are not those who frequent the play-house. Judge Jeffreys knows none such. They are lovers of the Word of God; they wish to worship after their fashion; they hate the Pope and all his works. Let us hear what these men say upon the matter."

"Nay," said Mr. Boscorel; "I care not greatly what they say. But would to God the boys were safe returned."

"Benjamin means well," Sir Christopher went on. "I take this warning kindly; he means well. It pleases me that in the midst of the work and the feasting, which he loves, he thinks upon us. Tell him, son-in-law, that I thank him for his letter. It shows that he hath preserved a good heart."

"As for his good heart"—Mr. Boscorel stroked his nose with his forefinger—"so long as Benjamin gets what he wants—which is Benjamin's mess, and five times the mess of any other—there is no doubt of his good heart."

"Worse things than these," said Sir Christopher, "were said of us when the civil wars began. The King's troops would ride us down; the country would not join us; those of us who were not shot or cut down in the field would be afterwards hanged, drawn, and quartered. Yet we drove the King from his throne."

"And then another King came back again. So we go up, and so we go down. But about this expedition and about these boys my mind misgives me."

"Son-in-law," Sir Christopher said solemnly, "I am now old, and the eyes of my mind are dim, so that I no longer discern the signs of the times, or follow the current of the stream; moreover, we hear but little news, so that I cannot even see any of those signs. Yet to men in old age, before they pass away to the rest provided by the Lord, there cometh sometimes a vision by which they are enabled to see clearly when younger men are still groping their way in a kind of twilight. Monmouth hath landed; my boys are with him; they are rebels; should the rising fail, their lives are forfeit; and that of my dear friend Dr. Comfort Eykin's—yea, and my life as well belike, because I have been a consenting party. Ruin and death will in that event fall upon all of us. Whether it will so happen I know not, nor do I weigh the chance of that event against the voice of conscience, duty, and honour. My boys have obeyed that voice; they have gone forth to conquer or to die. My vision doth not tell me what will happen to them. But it shows me the priest flying from the country, the King flying from the throne, and that fair angel whom we call Freedom of Conscience, returning to bless the land. To know that the laws of God will triumph—ought not that to reconcile a man, already seventy-five years of age, to death, even a death upon the gallows? What matter for this earthly body so that it be spent until the end in the service of the Lord?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WE WAIT FOR THE END.

I have said that my father from the beginning unto the end of this business was as one beside himself, being in an ecstasy or rapture of mind, insomuch that he heeded nothing. The letters he sent out to his friends the Nonconformists, either brought no answer or else they heaped loads of trouble, being intercepted and read, upon those to whom they were addressed. But he was not moved. The defection of his friends and of the gentry caused him no uneasiness. Nay, he even closed his eyes and ears to the drinking, the profane oaths, and the riotous living in the camp. Others there were, like-minded with himself, who saw the hand of the Lord in this enterprise, and thought that it would succeed by a miracle. The desertions of the men, which afterwards followed, and the defection of those who should have joined—these things were but the weeding of the host, which should be still further weeded—as in a well-known chapter in the Book of Judges—until none but the righteous should be left behind. These things he preached daily, and with mighty fervour, to all who would listen; but these were few in number.

As regards his wife and daughter he took no thought for them at all, being wholly enwrapped in his work; he did not so much as ask if he had money—to be sure, for five-and-twenty years he had never asked that question—or if he were safely bestowed; or if he were well. Never have I seen any man so careless of all earthly affections when he considered the work of the Lord. But when the time came for the army to march, what were we to do? Where should we be bestowed?

"As to following the army," said Robin, "that is absurd. We know not whither we may march or what the course of events may order. You cannot go home without an armed escort, for the country is up; the clubmen are out everywhere to protect their cattle and horses, a rough and rude folk they would be to meet; and the gipsies are robbing and plundering. Can you stay here until we come back, or until the country hath settled down again?"

Miss Blake generously promised that we should stay with her as long as we chose, adding many kind things about myself, out of friendship and a good heart; and so it was resolved that we should remain in Taunton, where no harm could befall us, while my father still accompanied the army to exhort the soldiers.

"I will take care of him," said Barnaby. "He shall not preach of a morning till he hath taken breakfast, nor shall he go to bed until he hath had his supper. So long as the provisions last out he shall have his ration. After that I cannot say. Maybe we shall all go on short commons, as hath happened to me already; and, truth to tell, I love it not. All these things belong to the voyage, and are part of our luck. Farewell, therefore, mother. Heart up!—all will go well! Kiss me, Sis; we shall all come back again. Never fear. King Monmouth shall be crowned in Westminster. Dad shall be Archbishop of Canterbury, and I shall be Captain of a King's ship. All our fortunes shall be made, and you, Sis, shall have a great estate, and shall marry whom you please—Robin or another. As for the gentry who have not come forward, hang 'em, we'll divide their estates between us and

so change places, and they will be so astonished at not being shot for cowardice that they will rejoice and be glad to clean our boots. Thus shall we all be happy."

So they marched away, Monmouth being now at the head of an army seven thousand strong, and all in such spirits that you would have thought nothing could withstand them. And when I consider, and remember how that army marched away, with the cheers of the men and the laughter and jokes of the young recruits, the tears run down my cheeks for thinking how their joy was turned to mourning, and life was exchanged for death. The last I saw of Robin was that he was turning in his saddle to wave his hand, his face full of confidence and joy. The only gloomy face in the whole army that morning was the face of Humphrey. Afterwards I learned that almost from the beginning he foresaw certain disaster. In the first place, none of those on whom the exiles of Holland had relied came into camp. These were the backbone of the Protestant party—the sturdy blood that had been freely shed against Charles I. This was a bitter disappointment. Next, he saw in the army nothing but a rabble of country lads, with such officers as Captain Hucker, the Serge-maker, instead of the country gentlemen, with their troops, as had been expected; and from the beginning he distrusted the leaders—even the Duke himself. So he hung his head and laughed not with the rest. But his doubts he kept locked up in his own heart. Robin knew none of them.

It was a pretty sight to see the Taunton maids walking out for a mile and more with their lovers who had joined Monmouth. They walked hand-in-hand with the men; they wore the Monmouth favours: they had no more doubt or fear of the event than their sweethearts. Those who visit Taunton now may see these women (now grown old) creeping about the streets lonely and sorrowful, mindful still of that Sunday morning when they saw their lovers for the last time.

When I consider the history of this expedition I am amazed that it did not succeed. It was, surely, by a special judgment of God that the victory was withheld from Monmouth and reserved for William. I say not (presumptuously) that the judgment was pronounced against the Duke on account of his sinful life, but I think it was the will of Heaven that the country should endure for three years the presence of a Prince who was continually seeking to advance the Catholic religion. The people were not yet ripe, perhaps, for that universal disgust which caused them without bloodshed (in this island at least) to pull down King James from his throne. When, I say, I consider the temper and the courage of that great army which left Taunton, greater than any which the King could bring against it; when I consider the multitudes who flocked to the standard at Bridgwater, I am lost in wonder at the event.

From Sunday the 21st, when the army marched out of Taunton, till the news came of their rout on Sedgemoor, we heard nothing certain about them. On Tuesday the Duke of Albemarle, hearing that the army had gone, occupied Taunton with the Militia, and there were some who expected severities on account of the welcome given to the Duke and the recruits whom he obtained here. But there were no acts of revenge that I heard of—and, indeed, he did not stay long in the town. As for us, we remained under the shelter of Miss Blake's roof, and daily expected news of some great and signal victory. But none came, save one letter. Every day we looked for this news, and every day we planned and laid down the victorious march for our army.

"They will first occupy Bristol," said Miss Blake. "That is certain, because there are many stout Protestants in Bristol, and the place is important. Once master of that great city, our King will get possession of ships, and so will have a fleet. There are, no doubt, plenty of arms in the town, with which he will be able to equip an army ten times greater than that which he now has. Then with—say, thirty thousand men—he will march on London. The Militia will, of course, lay down their arms or desert at the approach of this great and resolute army. The King's regiments will prove, I expect, to be Protestants, every man. Oxford will open her gates, London will send out her train-bands to welcome the Deliverer, and so our King will enter in triumph and be crowned at Westminster Abbey, one King James succeeding another. Then there shall be restored to this distracted country"—being a schoolmistress Miss Blake could use language worthy of the dignity of history—"the blessings of religious freedom; and the pure Word of God, stripped of superstitious additions made by man, shall be preached through the length and breadth of the land."

"What shall be done," I asked, "with the Bishops?"

"They shall be suffered to remain," she said, speaking with a voice of authority, "for those congregations which desire a prelacy, but stripped of their titles and of their vast revenues. We will not persecute, but we will never suffer one Church to lord it over another. Oh! when will the news come? Where is the army now?"

The letter of which I have spoken was from Robin.

"Sweetheart," he said, "all goes well so far. At Bridgwater we have received a welcome only second to that of Taunton. The Mayor and Aldermen proclaimed our King at the High Cross, and the people have sent to the camp great store of provisions and arms of all kinds. We are now six regiments of foot with a thousand cavalry, besides the King's own body-guard. We have many good friends at Bridgwater, especially one, Mr. Roger Hoar, who is a rich merchant of the place, and is very zealous in the cause. Your father preached on Sunday evening from the text, Deuteronomy vii. 5—"Ye shall destroy their altars and break down their images and cut down their groves and burn their graven images with fire." It was a most moving discourse, which fired the hearts of all who heard it.

"They say that our chief is downhearted because the nobility and gentry have not come in. They only wait for the first victory, after which they will come in by hundreds. But some of our men look forward to depriving them of their estates and dividing them among themselves; and already the Colonels and Majors are beginning to reckon up the great rewards which await them. As for me, there is but one reward for which I pray—namely, to return unto Bradford Orcas and to the arms of my sweet saint. Lord Churchill is reported to be at Chard; there has been a brush in the Forest of Neroche between the scouts, and it is said that all the roads are guarded so that recruits shall be arrested or at least driven back. Perhaps this is the reason why the gentry sit down. Barnaby says that so far there have been provisions enough and to spare; and he hopes the present plenty may continue. No ship's crew can fight, he says, on half rations. Our march will be on Bristol. I hope and believe that when we have gotten that great town our end is sure. Humphrey continueth glum."

Many women there were who passed that time in prayer, continually offering up supplications on behalf of husband, brother, lover, or son. But at Taunton the Rector, one Walter Harte, a zealous High Churchman, came forth from hiding, and, with the magistrates, said prayers daily for King James II.

To tell what follows is to renew a time of agony unspeakable. Yet must it be told. Farewell, happy days of hope and confidence! Farewell, the sweet exchange of dreams! Farewell



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The last I saw of Robin was that he was turning in his saddle to wave his hand, his face full of confidence and joy.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

well to our lovely hero, the gracious Duke! All the troubles that man's mind can conceive were permitted to be rained upon our heads—defeat, wounds, death, prison—nay, for me such a thing as no one could have expected or even feared—such a fate as never entered the mind of man to invent.

When the Duke marched out of Bridgwater, across Sedgemoor to Glastonbury, the weather, which had been hot and fine, became cold and rainy, which made the men uncomfortable. At Glastonbury they camped in the ruins of the old abbey. Thence they went to Shepton Mallet, the spirits of the men still being high. From Shepton Mallet they marched to a place called Pensford, only five miles from Bristol. Here they heard that the bridge over the Avon at Keynsham was broken down. This being presently repaired, the army marched across. They were then within easy reach of Bristol.

And now began the disasters of the enterprise. Up to this time everything had prospered. Had the Duke boldly attacked Bristol—I speak not of my own wisdom, having none in such matters, but from others' wisdom—he would have encountered no more than twenty companies or thereabouts of Militia, and a regiment of two hundred and fifty horse. Moreover, Bristol was full of Dissenters, who wanted nothing but encouragement to join the Protestant Champion. Not only the Duke's friends, but also his enemies, agree in declaring that it wanted nothing but courage to take that great, rich, and populous city, where he would have found everything that he wanted—men and money, arms and ammunition. I cannot but think that for his sins, or for the sins of the nation, a judicial blindness was caused to fall upon the Duke, so that he chose, of two ways open to him, that which led to his destruction. In short, he turned away from Bristol, and drew up his forces against Bath. When he summoned that city to surrender, they shot his herald, and scoffed at him. Then, instead of taking the town, the Duke retired to Philip's Norton, where, 'tis said, he expected some great reinforcements. But none came; and he now grew greatly dejected, showing his dejection in his face, which could conceal nothing. Yet he fought an action with his half-brother, the Duke of Grafton, in which he was victorious, a thing which ought to have helped him. In this action Lieutenant Blake, Miss Blake's cousin, was killed. From Philip's Norton the army marched to Frome, and here such was the general despondency that two thousand men—a third of the whole army—deserted in the night and returned to their own homes. I think, also, it was at Frome that they learned the news of Lord Argyll's discomfure.

Then a council was held, at which it was proposed that the army should be disbanded and ordered to return, seeing that the King had proclaimed a pardon to all who would peacefully lay down their arms and return home; and that the Duke, with Lord Grey, and those who would be certainly exempted from that pardon, should make the best of their way out of the country.

Alas! here was a way open to the safety of all those poor men; but again was the Duke permitted to choose the other way—that, namely, which led to the destruction of his army and himself. Yet they say that he himself recommended the safer course. He must have known that he wanted arms and ammunition; that his men were deserting; and that no more recruits came in. Colonel Venner, one of his principal men, was at this juncture sent away to Holland in order to get assistance in arms and money. And the King's proclamation of pardon was carefully kept from the knowledge of the soldiers.

On July the 4th the army returned to Bridgwater, and now Dr. Hooke, chaplain to the army, and some of the officers were sent away secretly in order to raise an insurrection in London and elsewhere; the only hope being that risings in various parts would call away some of the King's forces from the West. Some of the Taunton men in the army rode from Bridgwater to see their friends. But we women (who, for the most part, remained at home) learned no news save that as yet there had been no signal victory; we did not hear of the large desertions nor of the Duke's despondency. Therefore, we continued in our fool's paradise and looked every day for some great and crowning mercy. Those who are on the side of the Lord are always expecting some special interference; whereas, they ought to be satisfied with being on the right side, whether victory or defeat be intended for them. In this enterprise I doubt not that those godly men (there were, I dare say, some godly men) who fell in battle or were afterwards executed, received their reward, and that a far, far greater reward than their conduct deserved—for who can measure the short agony of death beside the everlasting life of glory and joy unspeakable.

The last day of this fatal expedition was Sunday, the fifth day of July: so that it took no more than three weeks in all between its first beginning and its failure. Only three weeks! But how much longer was it before the punishment and the expiation were concluded? Nay, are they even yet concluded when thousands of innocent women and children still go in poverty and mourning for the loss of those who should have worked for them?

In the morning my father preached to the soldiers on the text (Joshua xxii. 22), "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, He knoweth, and Israel He shall know if it be in rebellion or if in transgression against the Lord save us not this day."

And now the time was come when the last battle was to be fought.

The Earl of Feversham, who had been at Somerton, marched this day across Sedgemoor, and encamped at Weston Zoyland, which is but five or six miles from Bridgwater.

Now it chanced that one William Sparke, of Chedzoy, hearing of this advance, climbed the church tower, and, by aid of a spying-glass, such as sailors use at sea, he discerned clearly the approach of the army and its halt at Weston. Being a wellwisher to the Duke, he sent one of his men, Richard Godfrey by name, with orders to spy into and learn the position and numbers of the Earl's army, and to carry his information straightway to Bridgwater. This duty the fellow promised, and most faithfully performed.

The Duke had already learned the approach of Lord Feversham, and, being now wellnigh desperate with his continued losses, and seeing his army gradually wasting away, with no fresh recruits, he had resolved upon not waiting to be attacked, but on a retreat northwards, hoping to get across the bridge at Keynsham, and so march into Shropshire and Cheshire, where still he hoped to raise another army. But (says he who hath helped me with this brief account of the expedition) the retreat, which would have been harassed by Lord Feversham's horse, would have turned into flight; the men would have deserted in all directions; and when the remains of the army arrived at Keynsham Bridge they would certainly have found it occupied by the Duke of Beaufort.

The carriages were already loaded in readiness for this march; it was to begin at nightfall; when the arrival of the man Godfrey, and the news that he brought, caused the Duke to change everything. For he now perceived that such a chance was offered him as had never before occurred since his landing: viz., a night surprise, and if he were fortunate, the rout of the King's best troops.

It is said that had the Duke shown the same boldness in the matter of Bristol that he showed in this night attack, he would have gained that city first and his own Cause next. Nor did it appear at all a desperate attempt. For though Lord Feversham had 2500 men with him, horse and foot, with sixteen field-pieces, the Duke had nearly 3000 foot (counting those armed with pikes and scythes) and 600 horse with four field-pieces, and though the King's troops included many companies of Grenadiers, with a battalion of that famous regiment the Coldstream Guards, and some hundred horse of the King's regiment and dragoons, the Duke had with him at least 2000 men well armed and resolute, as the event showed. Besides this, he had the advantage of the surprise and confusion of a night attack. And, in addition, the camp was not entrenched, the troopers had all gone to bed, the foot-soldiers were drinking cider, and the officers were reported to be all drunk.

Therefore, it was resolved that the intended flight into Shropshire should be abandoned, and that the whole matter should be brought to an issue that very night.

Had the attack succeeded, all might yet have gone well with the Duke. His enemies boasted that his raw country lads would be routed at the first charge of regular soldiers; if he proved the contrary, those who had deserted him would have returned; those who held aloof would join. It was not the Cause which found men lukewarm; it was the doubt—and nothing but the doubt—whether the Duke's enterprise would be supported. And I have never heard that any found aught but commendation of the boldness and spirit which brought us the battle of Sedgemoor.

All that day we spent in quiet meditation, in prayer, in the reading of the Bible, and in godly discourses, and herein I must commend the modesty as well as the piety of Miss Susan Blake, in that she invited my mother as her elder and the wife of an eminent minister to conduct the religious exercises, though as the hostess she might have demanded that privilege. We stirred not abroad at all that day. The meeting-houses which had been opened when the Duke marched in were now closed again.

In the evening, while we sat together discoursing upon the special mercies vouchsafed to the people of the Lord, a strange thing happened. Nay, I do not say that news may not have reached Taunton already of the Duke's intentions, and of the position of the King's forces. But this seems incredible, since it was not known—except to the Council by whom it was decided—till late in the afternoon, and it was not to be thought that these would hurry to spread the news abroad, and so ruin the whole affair. The window being open, then, we could hear the voices of those who talked in the street below. Now, there passed two men, and they were talking as they went. Said one—and these were the words we heard—

"I tell thee that the Duke will have no more to do than to lock the stable doors, and so seize the troopers in their beds."

We all started and listened. The voice below repeated,—

"I say, Sir, and I have it first hand, that he hath but to lock the stable doors and so seize all the troopers in their beds."

Then they passed on their way.

Said my mother: "My husband hath told me that not only may the conscience be awakened by a word which seemeth chance, but the future may be revealed by words which were perhaps meant in another sense. What we have heard this evening may be a foretelling of victory. My children, let us pray, and so to bed."

(To be continued.)

The Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield was held on Sept. 6, the Master Cutler presiding. Lord C. Beresford, M.P., in responding for the Navy, urged the need of better organisation and more ships. Among the other speakers were the Duke of Rutland, Lord Ashbourne, and Sir Charles Tupper, who referred at some length to the Fisheries question.

During the first eight months of this year 118,297 English, 26,972 Scotch, and 58,801 Irish emigrants left the kingdom, a total of 204,070. Of these, 145,719 went to the United States, 29,193 to British North America, and 19,359 to Australasia. Last month the numbers were 19,504 English, 3960 Scotch, and 6645 Irish; of whom 21,537 went to the United States, 3840 to British North America, and 3236 to Australasia.

A new life-boat, the gift of an anonymous donor, and presented to the Ramsey Station, Isle of Man, by the Life-Boat Institution, through the Manchester branch, in place of the old boat presented twenty years ago, was publicly launched on Sept. 6. The Bishop of Sodor and Man conducted a short service, gave an address on the work of the institution, and named the new boat—Mary Isabella—which was safely launched. Subsequently, it was tested, and on being capsized in the harbour it righted itself in two seconds. The old boat, which has been instrumental in saving 116 lives, is to be placed in the public park lake.

The lists of certificates granted by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board show that for the higher certificates there were 1115 candidates at the last examination, of whom 40 girls were for letters only, and the results arrived at were that 637 gained the higher certificates and 49 obtained letters. Of those who have passed, 839 offered for Latin, 583 of whom passed, 33 with distinction; 783 offered in Greek, 590 of whom passed, 42 with distinction; 554 offered in French, 437 gaining certificates, 71 with distinction; 114 offered in German, 85 passing, 28 with distinction; 1053 offered in elementary mathematics, of whom 736 passed; while 437 offered for additional mathematics, 233 passing, 54 with distinction.

The marriage of Mr. W. Arthur Wigram, son of the late Mr. W. Knox and the Hon. Mrs. Wigram, with Edith, second daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. P. and Lady Emma Talbot, was celebrated in Esher Church, Surrey, on Sept. 6. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by six bridesmaids—namely, Miss Helen Talbot, her sister; Misses Margaret and Madeline Wigram, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Agnes Bateman, Miss Florence Wigram, and Miss L. Kerr. The jewels worn by the bride included diamond stars, the gift of the Earl of Derby; pearl and diamond brooch, from her father; diamond flower, from the Earl and Countess of Lathom; gold bracelet, set with pearls, from the Countess of Derby; gold and pearl bangle, from the Countess of Crawford; diamond bee from the Hon. Mrs. Wilbraham; and diamond ring, from Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK. SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

SKETCHES IN BARBADOES.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who is roving "Across Two Oceans" for sketches of shores and islands of the West Indies, of South America, Central America, and North America, with the Pacific coast, and beyond the farther Ocean to Australia, used his pencil while at Barbadoes to delineate a few scenes in the tidy little sugar-growing island, which have been engraved and kept in hand till now. In the way of comments on these subjects we might refer to Mr. Froude and the late Canon Kingsley, the authors of two interesting books on the West Indies, which almost everybody may have read; but Mr. Melton Prior has written his own account of his observations. After paying his respects to the Governor of Barbadoes, Sir Charles Cameron Lees, who received him very kindly, remembering him as our Artist in the Ashantee Expedition in 1873 and 1874, he was shown over Government House, and the grounds, which are full of trees and shrubs. The one most interesting was the "cannon-ball tree," which the late Lady Brassey describes. There is another very curious tree in the island, which is called the "bearded fig-tree," from the fact that the branches throw out shoots, or creepers, resembling long grizzly beards, and these on reaching the ground take root, and in a very short time grow to a large size and form props, or supports, to the tree itself. It seems an extraordinary provision of Nature, as the tree is very heavily over-weighted at the top, and would soon fall but for these props.

On leaving Government House, our Artist called on Colonel Elliott, the head of the police, who kindly offered to drive him round the island and show him all its beauties. Accordingly, early next morning, in company with Mr. Tufnell, the vice-chairman of the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company, after having partaken of breakfast, they started off in an American buggy, with a pair of ponies, for what promised to be a delightful drive; and so it turned out.

The whole of the island of Barbadoes is under cultivation of some kind; and in times gone by, that of the sugar-cane was the sole industry. But since competition with the beet-root, the sugar-cane growers have scarcely realised enough profit to pay for the necessary labour, and the natives have taken to growing coffee and cocoa. Mr. Prior says:—"One of the things that struck me most was the immense amount of vegetables that are raised in the island. Every kind is to be seen under cultivation—magnificent French beans, peas, cabbages, spinach, and potatoes—not only for the supply of the island, but for export in the West Indies; and this, I was told, gave the most profitable returns for the labour of tilling the soil. Water, however, is very scarce; and at times not only does everything dry up and wither, but the people are often troubled for water for household use, and have to travel great distances for the precious liquid, got from stagnant pools, many of which we passed in our drive."

The ordinary work-people in the cultivation of the soil are women, who are to be seen in every field hard at work, their long flowing dress tucked up at the waist. In the cane or vegetable field they have spade or hoe in hand, working in a manner that should be a disgrace to the lazier sex.

In the parish of St. John's the soil is reddish, and though good of its kind, is not at all deep, so that, little more than a spade down, you come to solid rock. Nevertheless, as we approach the Bulkley sugar-mills, we see magnificent mahogany and flambeaux trees lining the road and standing in clumps, also the stately palms. There is the cabbage and the cocoa palm. The spike at the top of the cabbage-palm, which is in reality a new leaf coming out, always points towards the East, whatever part of the island you are in, and in all the West Indies. The stem of the cabbage-palm is quite straight, while the coconut-palm is always bent.

Windmills abound throughout the island. We see natives of all sizes and sexes carrying the sugar-cane to be crushed, as in England the corn is ground by mill-owners for the small growers.

We also pass by fields of corn, not to be confounded with the well-known Indian corn or maize; it grows quite differently. The head of it is a large clump of small seeds with brown husks, the size of a split pea, each containing a little ball of flour.

The characteristic and universal white costume of the female natives of Barbadoes is in striking contrast to the brilliancy of colour in the Indian, Burmese, or Eastern native generally; in fact, what with the white roads and the white dresses, the eye becomes quite tired of white, and longs for colour. The roads all over the island are made of a rock or stone that is quite soft when dug out, but which becomes very hard after exposure to the air. The houses in the towns are built of this rock, and the older the house is, the harder is the stone; it very much resembles chalk when first dug out of the quarry, but very soon becomes as hard as granite.

Approaching the parish of Saint George's by the road on high ground—we can almost imagine we are in Hampshire but for the absence of the hedges—we now pass the residence of Mr. Archibald Pyle, the Speaker of the House of Commons of Barbadoes; and so English are the house and grounds that once more we are reminded of old England. In the distance are what appear like little country farmsteads dotted all about, but on close inspection they turn out to be sugar-cane crushing-mills, with the owners' and labourers' houses.

Still driving on through lanes of sugar-cane, which forms the only hedges in the island, we pass the residence of Mr. Sealy, which is seven miles from town. Orchards abound, and enormous quantities of shadoocks and tree fruits of all kinds are growing in them. Demerara people may well boast of Georgetown in comparison with Bridgetown; but the country in Barbadoes is very charming, while that around Georgetown consists simply of mud flats.

We now arrive at St. John's Church, and as we descend from the carriage, we almost step on to a tombstone under the porch, with an inscription recording the death of a young married lady in 1666. There is a beautiful pulpit in this little country church—made of different kinds of Barbadian woods, exquisitely carved by native workmen. Close by this church, and between us and the sea, is a spring which supplies Bridgetown with water and which is conveyed over fifteen miles in pipes.

Leaving the church we continue our drive, and come up with women and donkey-carts laden with sugar-cane. The women had been to some sugar estate and have bought sugar-cane, which they retail in the town at a halfpenny a stick, this being a very favourite food or sweetmeat of the natives. The sticks are about four feet long; the leaves of the sugar-cane are collected and piled in enormous heaps and allowed to rot, which is said to make the very finest manure. It is also used when green as food for horses and cattle.

Very soon we come in sight of Bissex-hill Police-station. I only mention this from the fact that a curious custom is observed here, and at all police-stations throughout the island. Clocks are very scarce, and to enable the country folk to know the time a black ball is run up at a quarter to nine; at nine o'clock precisely, a signal is given from the head police-office in Bridgetown, and the black balls drop all over the country, and children may then be seen running to school.

AUSTRALIAN CITY AND SUBURBAN INVESTMENT AND BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

REGISTERED UNDER "THE COMPANIES' STATUTE, 1864."

CAPITAL £5,000,000, IN 2,500,000 SHARES OF £2 EACH.

First Issue: 1,400,000 Shares, of which 900,000 are Issued Paid Up to £1, in Part Payment of Purchase Money, and 500,000 Shares are now Issued for Subscription, Payable—5s. on Application; 5s. on Allotment; 5s. at Three Months; 5s. at Six Months.

The various Instalments of Shares may be Paid under Discount at the Rate of Six Per Cent per Annum.

Directors:

THE HON. ALFRED DEAKIN, M.P., Chairman.

THE HON. JAMES BELL, M.L.C.

G. W. TAYLOR, Esq., J.P., will join the Board after Allotment.

ORLANDO FENWICK, Esq., J.P.

J. M'A. HOWDEN, Esq.

POWER IS TAKEN TO APPOINT A DIRECTORATE IN LONDON.

General Manager: FREDERICK PALMER, Esq.

Bankers:

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.
NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

Registered Offices: No. 20, COLLINS-STREET WEST.

Solicitors: MESSRS. FINK, BEST, and P. D. PHILLIPS.

Brokers:

THE MERCANTILE, FINANCE, TRUSTEES, AND AGENCY COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, 46, ELIZABETH-STREET.

THIS COMPANY is formed to acquire from G. W. TAYLOR, ESQ., the extensive properties set out in the Schedule hereafter appearing, and comprising the magnificent area of 35,024 Acres, OR THEREABOUTS, and to carry on the business of a PROPERTY, FINANCE and BANKING COMPANY, as empowered by its Memorandum of Association annexed.

LAND INVESTMENT is known in all countries to be the most assured and permanent of all investments, and property secured within a reasonable radius from any great centre, and possessing facilities for easy communication, must always command an adequate return. In connection with the commercial metropolis of Australia this must always be so. This continent has now a limited but ever-increasing population, but it has few places marked out by Nature for great centres. Melbourne, by its position, climate, and other natural advantages, occupies the prominent place, and is so situated that it must grow with the growth of the country and commonwealth. Consequently any institution based upon landed property, possessing the above characteristics, must participate in the steady advancement which necessarily follows the increase of population and growth of the nation.

Unlike other INVESTMENT and FINANCE COMPANIES, this one begins operations under more than ordinarily favourable auspices through having already secured the Properties referred to.

THE PROPERTIES have been specially selected with regard to the future development of favoured districts upon a comprehensive scale, and combine in one company the advantages arising from large interests in various localities.

Situated in the leading progressive suburban districts, large interests are held along the sea coast from BRIGHTON to MORDIALLOC—in the east in CAULFIELD, GLEN IRIS, OAKLEIGH, and the surrounding neighbourhood; in the north-east PRESTON is well represented; in the north ESSENDON, PASCOE VALE, and the adjacent country commands a leading place. Valuable areas are also held in LILLYDALE, DANDENONG, BERWICK, BACCHUS MARSH, and other advancing neighbourhoods within easy distance from the metropolis. On the whole, there is such a variety and selection that has, perhaps, never before been attained.

Under one administration, every want can be supplied—SEASIDE RESORTS, SUBURBAN and COUNTRY RESIDENCES may be obtained upon reasonable terms—ample powers being taken for granting special facilities to those acquiring any portion of the company's property, and giving them every advantage in connection with their improvements.

In the Articles of Association full powers are taken to carry on the business of a PROPERTY, MORTGAGE, and LAND BANK, in addition to providing for all requirements in connection with the development, improvement, and gradual disposal of this great Estate.

The organisation of this Company for business is complete, and no delay will take place in its beginning its operations. For its obligations in connection with these purchases, COMPLETE FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS have been made.

THIS COMPANY is launched under exceptional circumstances through the very large interest which Mr. Taylor retains in it. In addition to retaining so large an interest THE VENDOR GUARANTEES A DIVIDEND OF EIGHT PER CENT PER ANNUM FOR THREE YEARS, lodging with the Company 250,000 Shares as security.

THE POSSIBILITIES of this Company may be measured by the operations of existing LAND and PROPERTY INVESTMENT COMPANIES upon a more

limited scale, which have been highly successful, as indicated by the following schedule of the leading institutions:—

Name.	Paid up Value of Share.	Market Price.	Last Dividend, per Cent per Annum.
Australian Property and Investment Company - - - - -	£ s. d. 5 0 0	£ s. d. 11 7 6	17½
Colonial Investment and Agency Company - - - - -	1 0 0	2 16 6	25
Frechold Investment and Banking Company - - - - -	3 0 0	15 7 6	23
General Land Company - - - - -	5 0 0	12 10 0	30
Henry Arnold Company - - - - -	5 0 0	14 0 0	15
Real Estate Bank - - - - -	2 10 0	8 10 0	50
Victorian Land Company - - - - -	0 10 0	2 0 0	12½

THE WHOLE OF THESE PROPERTIES, which have been valued by Messrs. FRASER and COMPANY, LIMITED, and Messrs. GEMMELL, TUCKETT and COMPANY, as per copy valuation annexed, which amounts to £4,524,416 1s. 4d. as security, have been secured for the sum of £3,850,000.

THE DIRECTORS HAVE FURTHER ARRANGED THAT THE SUM OF £500,000 SHALL BE RETAINED BY THE COMPANY out of the purchase money, which shall constitute a RESERVE for the benefit of all the Shareholders. This AMOUNT may be applied by the Directors in FURTHERANCE OF THE COMPANY'S OBJECTS.

A SPECIAL APPROPRIATION is made by the vendor of £50,000 for the construction of either RAILWAYS OR TRAMWAYS through or adjacent to the properties of the Company which may, by this means, in the opinion of the management be best advanced.

THESE SPECIAL APPROPRIATIONS to RESERVE AND FOR RAILWAY PURPOSES make a TOTAL of £550,000. The company thus starts at once with a LARGE RESERVE, in addition to the large deduction from the VALUATIONS OF TWO OF THE LEADING VALUATORS, whose certificates are attached, and upon unequalled conditions as to its future operations.

THERE ARE NO PREFERENTIAL OR FULLY PAID UP SHARES, AND THE VENDOR PAYS ALL CHARGES EXCEPTING USUAL BROKERAGE AND LEGAL EXPENSES.

It is proposed at a later stage to offer an issue of shares upon the London market, and power is taken to establish a London directorate, as well as machinery for the investment of British capital in the business of the Company. Mr. G. W. Taylor is going to London shortly, and his services will be utilised there to the best advantage.

Detail Plans of the Properties and Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company may be inspected at the offices of the Company, No. 20, Collins-street West, where all additional information will be supplied.

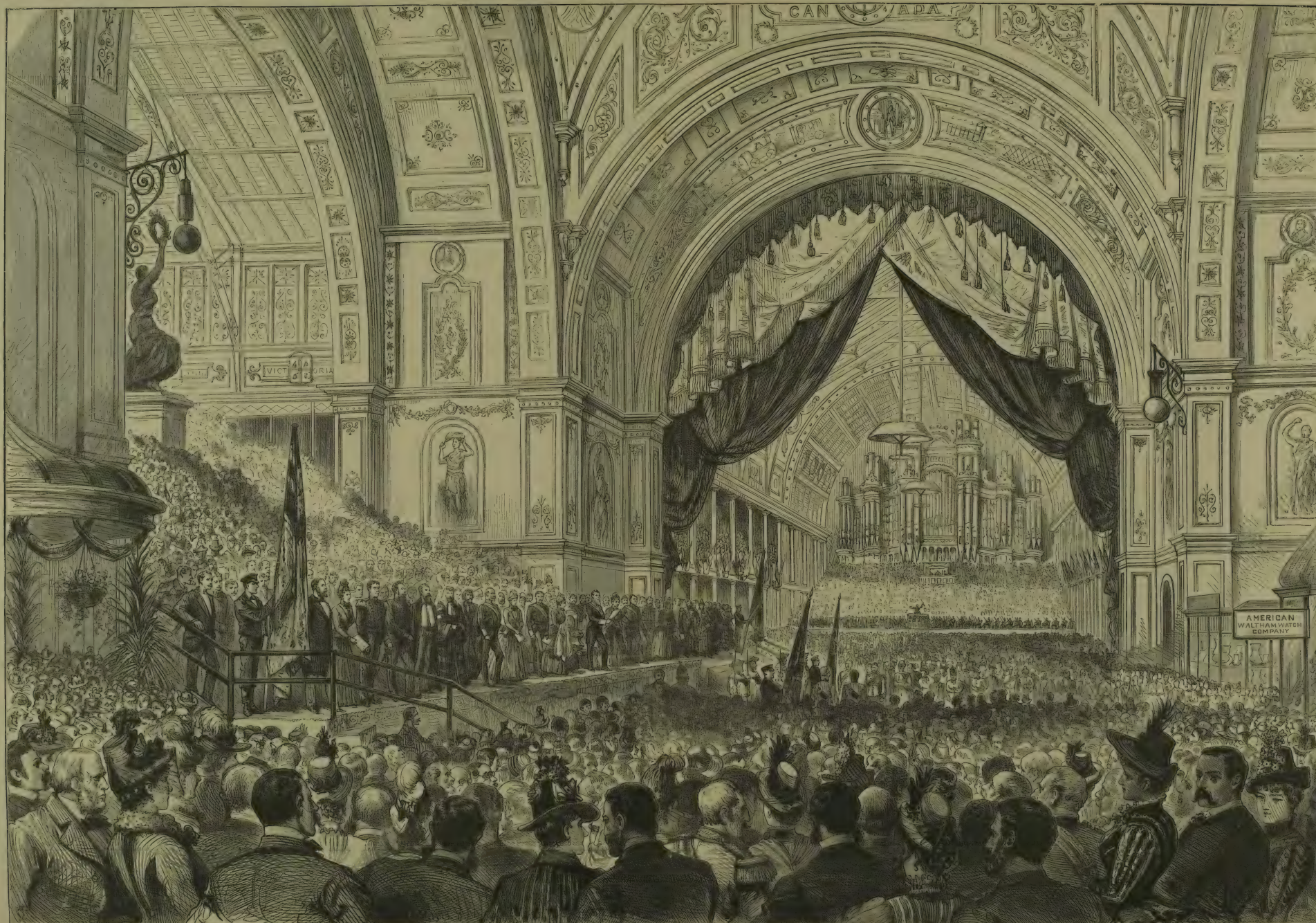
Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the brokers, or from any members of the stock exchanges of Melbourne.

VALUATORS' CERTIFICATE.

We have carefully inspected the whole of the properties contained in this schedule, and declare the marketable value to be the amount set opposite each respectively, and making a total of four millions five hundred and twenty-four thousand four hundred and sixteen pounds one shilling and fourpence (£4,524,416 1s. 4d.).

(Signed) FRASER AND CO., LIMITED.
(Wm. Lamb Smith, Managing Director.)

Melbourne, 29th June, 1888. (Signed) GEMMELL, TUCKETT, and CO.



OPENING OF THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION: THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, SIR H. B. LOCH, DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN IN THE QUEEN'S NAME.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

NOVELS.

Eve. By the Author of "John Herring," "Mehalah," &c. Two vols. (Chatto and Windus).—The harsh drawing of characters, and the grotesque fatalism of the plot, in some of this author's stories, affect us like an uncomfortable dream. He has a forcible grasp of strange situations, and works out the predestined course of errors and consequent sufferings with relentless energy; but there is no harmony in his lights and shadows, as of open daylight; it is a phantasmagoria of violent action, of implacable conflict, unrelieved by the softening influences that temper human life. A quaint company of persons more or less related to each other by ties of kindred is here presented. There is not one "Eve," but three, of successive generations, though only the youngest is living. Her grandmother, the first Eve, was a strolling actress, whose beauty, when she danced in Totnes Marketplace, fascinated Ezekiel Babb, the woollen-manufacturer of Buckfastleigh. Having been taken by him to wife, she ran away from him, leaving her child, the second Eve, who ran away from her father seventeen years later to become an actress in her turn. This second Eve, while travelling with the theatrical company, fell sick on the road between Launceston and Plymouth, and was left in the house of Mr. Ignatius Jordan, a retired, studious, helpless widower, occupying Morwell Lodge, on the banks of the Tamar. She remained with him, though not legally married, giving birth to the third Eve, whom we find a pretty, silly, childish girl, with an "artistic temperament," fond of gay dressing, of music and dancing, and eager to go to town and to see theatres, or even to figure on the stage. The vein of such frivolity and vanity, running through all these three Eves, is extremely obnoxious both to old Ezekiel Babb, a hard miser and a fanatical Calvinist, and to Mr. Jordan, an austere Roman Catholic, devoted to rustic seclusion, and of a gloomy, dismal temper. Eve the second, whom he had treated as a wife, having privately exchanged with her some religious vow of mutual fidelity in a ruined ancient chapel, suddenly disappears just at the beginning of this story. He allows it to be supposed that she has, like Eve the first, eloped from her home with an actor; but the truth is that he has shot her dead, in a fit of jealousy; and we see him first, an hour after, cleaning his gun, which he lays down across the cradle of her babe, the innocent and unconscious Eve the third. Just then, old Babb comes in, to ask what has become of his daughter; and Mr. Jordan lends him fifteen hundred pounds, without security, to buy some fields, on a bare promise of repayment after seventeen years. This money is intended for the dowry of the infant Eve, No. 3, who grows up in Mr. Jordan's melancholy old house, tenderly cared for by her elder half-sister Barbara, a wise, brave, and steadfast young person. Now the "dramatis personæ" are reinforced by three new characters, arriving by the lonely road over Dartmoor, and introduced to those two young ladies by the stumbling of a horse, which consigns a young man, grievously hurt, to Miss Jordan's nursing care. These three brothers, Jasper, Martin, and Watt, are Miss Eve's uncles, little as she knows it; for they are the sons of old Ezekiel Babb and of Eve the first. The unfortunate second Eve was their sister; but it is some time before even Mr. Jordan knows who they are, for Buckfastleigh is distant, and he never had much correspondence with old Mr. Babb. The trio is oddly assorted: Jasper is good, unselfish, and discreet; Martin is a handsome rascal, who has robbed his father of the £1500 put by to repay Mr. Jordan's loan, has been prosecuted for the theft and sent to penal servitude, but has escaped from Prince's Town prison; Watt is a Flibbert-i-gibbet, and an elfin imp, one of those ugly dwarfs known in romantic fiction who lurk among trees and caves, hooting like owls, and pop out to frighten the girls by making faces and uttering hideous threats. But he plays the fiddle, and can talk of the Italian opera; he adores Martin, who is an eloquent tragedian and has fine eyes and an aquiline nose; while Jasper, who is also musical, assists Watt in contriving Martin's escape from prison. Jasper does more: the convict's prison dress being left at Morwell, while Jasper is lying there with a broken head, he tells Miss Jordan that it belongs to him, in order to divert pursuit from his brother Martin. Some novelists do not perceive that deceit is not the less immoral when an innocent person takes on himself the reproach of crime in order to screen the guilty. Miss Jordan, hating and dreading Jasper at first, will not betray his secret, and cannot therefore prevent her father engaging him as confidential steward. Eve, who has not an ounce of heart or brains, soon runs wild, to the distress of her father and sister, puts on a stage-dancer's fancy costume, which had been left by her mother, and skips about to the sound of her tambourine. She can sing all the airs in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Weber's "Preciosa," and is mad for the opera; worse than all, she secretly meets the unprincipled Martin, who does not know that she is his niece, and who persuades her to elope with him. An attempt is made to bind her in matrimonial captivity to Mr. Coyshe, the country doctor, who is a conceited professional braggart and sordid fortune-hunter, but this proposal is a failure. The prison warders, police, and parish constables, summoned by Mr. Jordan, presently surrounding the house, seize Martin and lock him up; but they are made drunk, one regrets to see, by the connivance of the virtuous Barbara, who is now in love with Jasper, and Martin gets away by a hole in the roof. Mr. Jordan, who has accidentally wounded himself with a scythe, stealthily arises, loads his fatal old gun, and crawls to a rock overhanging the Tamar, in pursuit of Martin and Eve. He shoots Martin, who grasps Eve and falls over the precipice with her. People come to look after them; Watt is killed in descending the rocks; Mr. Jordan dies on the spot, after confessing his murder of Eve the second; but Eve the third is saved alive, though doomed to be a hopeless cripple. Jasper and Barbara marry, a short time afterwards, the family curse having spent its fury; and Morwell becomes a home of peace, with another baby in it, bearing still the name of "Eve."

The Academician. By Henry Erroll, Author of "An Ugly Duckling." Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—That extreme moral depravity, of a base and sordid quality, is compatible with the fine æsthetic perception, the creative imagination, and the consummate technical skill of a great artist, will scarcely be denied. The wicked lives of several of the famous Italian painters and sculptors of the Renaissance period were conspicuous even amidst the almost unequalled general immorality of their age and country. In portraying the character of an

imaginary villain, standing high in the ranks of modern English artists, and enthusiastically devoted to the successful practice of his noble profession, the clever author of this story has undertaken a naturally painful subject. Yet we cannot say that it is an absolute outrage to conceive of such a man as Stephen Baring, an eminent member of the Royal Academy in London of the present day, being not merely a vicious egotist, a cunning hypocrite and dissembler, addicted to coarse and vile habits of secret profligacy, but a greedy miser, a domestic tyrant, and capable of intending the most heinous crimes. It is but too true that the talent for no professional career, not the holiest and most exalted in public esteem, is a positive security against private vice in its unfaithful possessor. The gallant soldier, the eloquent and sagacious statesman, the scientific physician, the seeming saintly priest, the scholar, the philosopher, may possibly be one of the meanest of mankind. Such a deplorable example is "the Academician" of this rather unpleasant fiction, which has a plot contrived with much strength of grasp, and not deficient in romantic interest, but in which the really attractive characters are those of women, represented as struggling against the selfishness and injustice of men. "Henry Errol" must be a lady writer, though she affects a knowledge of male dissipation which many novelists of the more refined sex would prefer to disavow. The plot is not too complicated for summary recapitulation. Mabel Moore, a noble-minded young person with aspirations to the study and mission of Art, living in the house of her stepfather and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Chesham, has a friend, Constance Durant, an orphan heiress of £20,000, a pretty, childish, innocent girl, who becomes the wife and victim of Mr. Baring, R.A., a man nearly old enough to be her father. As there is no marriage settlement, and nothing is known of the Married Women's Property Act, Mr. Baring takes

does not believe that he has ever treated Constance unkindly; but a previous attachment to Hubert Durant, the brother of Constance, prevents her accepting Baring's offer of marriage. It is an amazing notion that a man in Baring's position should propose to run the risk of bigamy while his lawful wife, whom everybody had known, was in London forcibly detained by his accomplice in a private dwelling. The situation could not last long, in any case; Mary Reid, in a secret conference with Baring, declines or evades a suggestion that she should contrive the death of Constance; but that unfortunate young lady becomes very ill, and a medical man is called in, who happens to be her own cousin, Dr. Harry Lockyer. Her brother Hubert's suspicions have already been aroused, and with the aid of a French colleague, Victor Barthélemy, inquiries are being made which tend to disprove Baring's story of her death in Paris. She is now released, but in a dying condition, from the clutches of Mary Reid, and Baring's wickedness is exposed, though his punishment is described no farther than Mabel's showing him, with silent anger, the dead body of his betrayed and almost murdered wife. The relations between Mabel and Hubert are of secondary importance; but it may be observed that Hubert, being also an artist, has fallen into disgrace with Mabel by abusing his talents, at the Frenchman's instigation, in producing sensational pictures of a bad and corrupt style; and that he is not forgiven until after some time and due repentance of his fault. In the Chesham family there is a husband whose pompous egotism and valetudinarian caprices, obsequiously served by a timid wife, are humorously portrayed; so that the balance of merits as between the two sexes is vastly against the men, and in favour of the women, except Mary Reid, in the summing up of this remarkable novel. In its predecessor, "The Ugly Duckling," we judged it to be all the other way.

The Mystery of Askdale. By Edith Heraud. One vol. (Digby and Long).—The daughter of that well-known literary veteran, the late Mr. J. A. Heraud, poet, critic, and philosopher, Miss Heraud has earned for herself a share of public esteem in dramatic and literary circles, predisposing some readers to a favourable reception of this short story. Its theme, if not quite new, being the concealed existence of a lady dwelling in the shut-up apartments of a large country-house, and by rumoured occasional glimpses of her presence giving rise to a belief that the mansion is haunted by a ghost, has been skillfully treated by the authoress, and is combined with the incident of a blind girl recognising by his voice the man who killed her father some years before. Mrs. Sedley, whose ghost was long supposed to abide in the rooms that she had inhabited in her lifetime, was the victim of false suspicions of infidelity to her husband, the Squire of Askdale. She died in childbirth, after being expelled from his house; but her child, a daughter, was reared in secret by Mrs. Grantley, the housekeeper, who brought her up in those rooms, Mr. Sedley being kept ignorant of the fact. The blind girl, Agatha, niece of the wife of a neighbouring innkeeper, constantly visited Mrs. Grantley, and was the hidden young lady's companion. Agatha was with her father, Paul Lemiere, when he was carrying a sum of money from the bank, and when he was knocked down by one of two robbers on a lonely road. Hearing again the murderer's voice, as a stranger calls at the inn, she tracks him to a cottage, where he, one Robert Landon, with his accomplice, is devising a new villainy. This Landon, formerly steward to Mr. Sedley, and cousin to Mrs. Sedley, against whom he had then intrigued, being now aware of the existence of the daughter, and having the means of proving her legitimacy, designs to carry her off that he may extort ransom. How the plot is baffled, how the family mystery is revealed, how the Squire owns his daughter, how Agatha's eyesight is restored by a surgical operation, and what happy marriages are promised in conclusion, let Miss Heraud tell in her own way. The reader will find in this tale rather interesting occupation for a couple of hours.

PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Perhaps the lamented Prince, the late Duke of Albany, was right in saying that "the greatness of a nation must be measured, not alone by its wealth and apparent power, but by the degree in which its people have learned together, in the great world of books, of art, and of nature, pure and ennobling joys." If this be true, the establishment of the People's Palace in East London was a greater national benefit than the annexation of a new province to the British Empire. No territorial conquest in our times has been immediately followed by such ready and glad acceptance on the part of a vast population, as this social conquest of frank goodwill and liberal assistance, of wise design, comprehensive knowledge, and diligent administration—above all, of genuine human sympathy—by which Sir Edmund H. Currie and his colleagues of the Beaumont trust have won the hearts, and are effectually improving the minds, of myriads of the working classes. Three hundred thousand visitors, each paying twopence in the day-time or one penny in the evening, have within six weeks come to see the exhibition of paintings, opened early in August by the Duchess of Albany, which was closed on Sept. 15; an Exhibition which any lover of modern Art would think it worth while to see, comprising fifteen of the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and others by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., the late Mr. Poole, R.A., Mr. Faed, R.A., Mr. Calderon, R.A., Mr. H. Moore, A.R.A., Mr. McWhirter, R.A., Miss Clara Montalba, and many more artists of recognised merit. The Catalogue itself, with its admirably-written copious notes, giving clear, exact, and impressive explanations of the subject of every picture, is delightful and instructive reading; and it proves that the managers of this exhibition have taken more thought and pains than was ever done before to aid the understanding of such works. In so doing, they have paid a high and deserved compliment to the serious intelligence of English men and women of the working classes, who would not be content, like too many ignorant visitors to the Royal Academy and other fashionable exhibitions, with the mere pleasure of the eye.

This exhibition was placed in the Queen's Hall and in the New Library: we have now to speak of the latter building, which was completed and opened a few months ago. The Queen's Hall—or the Hall of Queens, adorned as it is with the statues of twenty-two Queens famous in the world's history—is already known to be one of the finest halls in London, unsurpassed at least in the completeness of its decorations.



NEW LIBRARY OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END-ROAD.

every shilling of her money, and keeps his wretched, squalid household under the control of a grim old aunt in the dirty kitchen, who grudges cold mutton or red herring, or a tallow candle for the bed-room, to the unhappy young wife. No society or amusement is allowed her, and she finds herself a starved, penniless, neglected prisoner in her husband's home, a fine town mansion which he has built, with a grand studio and show-rooms containing artistic adornments, splendid hangings, and rare old-fashioned carved-oak furniture, merely to attract customers for his paintings. It might be objected to the likelihood of this manner of living, that a very shrewd London artist, eager to win fame and fortune, would see the advantage of a handsome employment of the large additional income brought to him by this marriage, and of the charming presence of his wife; he would furnish the drawing-room for her, give nice dinners, attend to dress, invite fashionable company, and practise the social arts of pleasing which help towards professional success. Mr. Baring, however, sticking to his former tastes and habits as a rude "Bohemian" and a grubby old bachelor, content for his own part with a ragged coat, a scrap of any cheap food, a pipe of tobacco, and a glass of whisky-and-water, denies Constance everything of comfort or elegance to which she has been used. We do not think a man of his worldly ambition would adopt such a course, under the circumstances, however selfish, cruel, and avaricious he might be; and, though he has no love for his wife, he is very anxious to avoid scandal when she attempts to run away from him. Presently, wishing to get rid of her, but afraid to commit a murder, he engages as her lady's maid a person named Mary Reid, a cast-off mistress of his youth, who conspires with him, while they are in Paris, to carry her to London and shut her up in strict confinement, under the threat of being put in a lunatic asylum, when he gives out that she has died of cholera and is buried in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. On his return to London, this artful monster of the Royal Academy makes love to Mabel Moore, whose face he admires and whose companionship would be serviceable in his professional business. She regards Baring with worshipping reverence, as she

Its magnificence was worthy of a hall in which Queen Victoria met her people on the day of its opening; but it was the idea of the founders of the People's Palace, though building in Whitechapel, that nothing could be too good for the people; and when that splendid hall is filled, as it often is, with an audience of 5000 persons, men, women, and children, intently listening to fine music—if it be only that of the organ, admirably played by blind Mr. Hollins, a pupil of the Norwood School for the Blind—no one can deny that it is occupied for a worthy purpose. The collection of books, numbering at present about 20,000 volumes, has been removed from the Queen's Hall into the New Library built at the rear, the interior of which is shown in our illustration. It is octagonal in shape, 75 ft. long and broad, and 52 ft. high from floor to roof; the design is singularly elegant and agreeable, doing much credit to the architect, Mr. E. R. Robson, of Palace-chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, who was also the architect of the Queen's Hall and the other buildings of the People's Palace. For practical use as a Public Library, it is planned like the Reading-room of the British Museum; but newspapers, reviews, and magazines are laid on its tables; while the dispensation of books, from an enclosing counter in the centre, is managed by young ladies, under the direction of Miss Black. Below the Library, there will be another reading-room of equal extent, and there will be a smaller reading-room at the side. If the pictures, the sculpture, and the music are appreciated by the visitors to the People's Palace, as we have seen, not less freely and constantly do they avail themselves of the Library and Reading-room. Hundreds come to read in the evenings; and on Sunday, when of course there is no charge for admission, there will be 1400 or 1500 in the morning, and twice or thrice as many in the evening, to look at the pictures, to hear the organ, or to read; and by far the greater part of these are genuine working men.

Such is the provision for intellectual entertainment, apart from direct teaching, at the People's Palace; but there is a great deal more, a great variety of rational and wholesome recreations, through the association of members in "the Palace Institute," and in their different "clubs," the chess and draughts playing club, the debating society, the choral society, the orchestral and military bands, the Art Society and the sketching club, the literary club, the dramatic club, the photographic society, and the Girls' Social Club; not to mention the cricket, lawn-tennis, football, swimming, Harriers', Ramblers', cyclists', billiard-players', gymnastic, boxing, and other clubs; each of which clubs is managed by its own members without interference. The gymnasium, under an excellent teacher, is doing much for the physical and athletic training of boys and men; and there is a separate gymnasium for women or girls. The swimming-bath, 90 ft. long, the gift of Lord Rosebery, is one of the best in London, and the cheapest in England artificially provided; the water is changed daily, and the floor and sides of the bath scrubbed, as is scarcely done in any other for public use.

We have not yet told half what there is in this marvellous People's Palace, and must defer some account of the department of direct instruction, which might be styled the People's Palace College; the Technical and Handicraft Schools, endowed by the Drapers' Company of London, already attended by four hundred pupils; the Science classes, the Art and Design classes, the laboratories for chemistry and electricity, the engineers', carpenters', smiths', and metal-workers' shops, the music classes, the grammar, writing, arithmetic, French, and German classes, and the classes for girls, in needlework, dress-making, millinery, and cookery. The eastern wing, with upper floors and corridors, is approaching completion, at the cost of the Drapers' Company, and will be opened some time in October. During the summer months the People's Palace and its rather extensive grounds—which will ultimately be converted into a pleasant garden—with the gymnasium and several large temporary buildings, have been the scene of a daily and nightly festival, attracting several hundred thousand visitors, whole families coming together. In one building, 200 ft. long, beautiful plants and flowers were arranged on both sides, forming a delightful promenade; and here, at Christmas, will be a wondrous imitation of an ice-cave, with a Santa Claus bestowing pretty gifts on all children good or naughty. The spacious gymnasium, with an orchestra at one side, became a promenade concert-hall, illuminated at night by variegated Chinese lanterns. A steam merry-go-round, with beautiful horses to ride, to the sound of steam-organ music, afforded great delight to the youngsters. The People's Palace has witnessed continual opportunities of enjoyment for several months past, and at a price within reach of the poorest of the labouring classes.

IMPERIAL BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY.

The *Gazette* publishes the charter granted to the Imperial British East Africa Company, upon a petition to her Majesty in Council. The charter is granted to Mr. William Mackinnon, Lord Brassey, General Sir Donald Stewart, Sir John Kirk, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. Robert Palmer Harding, and Mr. George Sutherland Mackenzie, the petitioners. The objects of the petitioners were set forth to be the promotion of trade, commerce, and good government in the territories and regions comprised in certain concessions to and treaties with the British East Africa Association by the Sultan of Zanzibar and sundry chiefs and tribes. The charter binds the Company to remain British in character and domicile, and to have its principal office in Great Britain, its principal representative in East Africa, and all the directors being British subjects, and to discourage the slave trade and slavery. Any difference between the Company and the Sultan of Zanzibar, chiefs, or tribes, is to be submitted to the Secretary of State for decision.

OPIUM-SMOKING.

The Colonial Surgeon of Hong-Kong, in the course of his report for the past year, refers to the subject of opium-smoking, and especially to the consequences to confirmed smokers of being deprived of the pipe while in jail. He says the experience obtained in the Hong-Kong Jail is that the habit of opium-smoking is far less deleterious than spirit-drinking. Old confirmed smokers were found to have preserved a good appetite and healthy digestion, and it was further found that the suffering attendant on the deprivation of opium, which is not allowed to anyone in the prison, was not more than in the case of a tobacco-smoker deprived of his pipe. There was no evidence of suffering from the deprivation, though opium in any form is carefully excluded, and, though they are subject to exactly the same diet as all other prisoners, they remain of the average weight. "Opium-smoking, held forth as the Chinaman's greatest vice, is certainly not to be compared in its evil effects with the European vice of spirit-drinking, a habit to which the Chinese, as a nation, are not given."

OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT LAMBETH: BUNYAN'S PULPIT.

The quaint old building of which we give an illustration, and which has just been pulled down, stood in Lambeth-road, opposite St. Mary's Church. It was doubtless the remains of what must at one time have been a famous hostelry. In the



JOHN BUNYAN'S PULPIT, FORMERLY IN THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT LAMBETH.

courtyard of this old inn "Lambeth Fayre" was held; and the immediate neighbourhood has associations of much historical interest. No doubt the old building stood there in 1641, when the London apprentices attacked Lambeth Palace opposite and tried to capture Archbishop Laud. Close to this old building, too, Mary of Modena, Queen of James II., rested in 1688, when she fled from the palace on the other side of the river, disguised as an Italian washerwoman, with her infant son in her arms. During a long period the upper room of this old building was a Nonconformist meeting-place, and in comparatively recent years it was the scene of much useful and unselfish labour. For many years this old "meeting-room" contained the pulpit of John Bunyan. This pulpit had been removed from the old Nonconformist meeting-house in Zoar-street, Southwark, where Bunyan used to go when he visited London, and where he was allowed to deliver his discourses, by favour of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom the old Southwark house belonged. It is not known what has become of this old pulpit.

Mr. Watts, of Messrs. Doulton and Watts, founded here a ragged school, which was frequently taught by Mr. W. R. Selway, now a prominent member of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Here Mrs. Carlile, the founder of the "Band of Hope" movement, taught a class of children, and the room might almost be called the birthplace of the Temperance movement on the Surrey side, as it was the scene of the labours of Meredith, Howlett, and other pioneers of Teetotalism. John Mountford, one of the most zealous followers of the Rev. Rowland Hill, held together a congregation in this old building until his death at an advanced age. Recently the old building was a coffee-shop, and a coffee tavern will be erected on the site.

The Dean and Chapter are about to restore the Chapter House of Lincoln Cathedral, at a cost of at least £7000.

According to the Board of Trade Returns, the value of the exports of British and Irish produce during August exceeded



OLD MEETING-HOUSE AT LAMBETH, LATELY DEMOLISHED.

by £1,399,160 those of the corresponding period of last year, the increase for the first eight months of the year being £11,362,298. The imports for the month show an augmentation of £307,120, and for the eight months of £13,026,743.

"Lays and Lyrics," by Clement Scott, is a recent addition to the monthly volumes of prose and verse forming Messrs. Routledge's Pocket Library. It contains many pieces which charmed at their first appearance in print, delighted still more when appropriately recited, as they frequently were, and which will be the source of further delight at many a recital.

TOURISTS IN RUSSIA.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

As I was sitting in the reading-room of the Hôtel de l'Europe at St. Petersburg, a few weeks ago, smoking miserable Russian cigarettes, and resting from the fatigue of the dreary journey from Berlin, my attention was attracted by an American voice speaking words from Murray's "Hand-book for Russia." "Moscow," said the voice, "is spread over a circumference of about twenty-five miles, its greatest length, from south-west to north-east, being nine miles, and its maximum breadth, from east to west, about six miles."

"Twenty-five miles! Great Scott! We shall want a week to see Moscow, then!"

"The profusion of churches and chapels—nearly four hundred in number"—resumed the voice of the reader.

"Four hundred churches, George! I'm sick of churches!" struck in a feminine voice. "I only wish I could find a decent candy store in this city!"

"Well, if you did find one you wouldn't know what to ask for, Jane; so you may as well help us to lay out this Moscow trip."

"You can see Moscow in two days easily," piped a sharp-faced American from another corner of the room, taking pity on his countrymen, who were poring over the guide-book. "I have just come back from there. Very little to see. Best hotel is Dussaux, where they speak English and take Cook's coupons."

"Did you get any buckwheat cakes there?"

"There aint no buckwheat cakes in all Moscow," was the reply; "and if you ask me my real opinion, I'll tell you that Moscow and Russia is no country for a white man; and I'm just going to take the express to-night, and I won't get off them cars till I am on the other side of the frontier, out of their blessed bird-cage."

"Have you not had a good time in Russia?"

"Can't have no good times when you can't read even the names of the stations," was the peevish reply. "Have to have chump-headed guides attached to one's person all the time. No; I tell you I'm sick o' Russia, and I have not had a single cocktail since I left Berlin three weeks ago. This is no country for a white man."

"Have you got your passport visad?"

"Yes. Had to wait over a day to get that done. The officials are in no hurry here. What a system! My passport is quite spoilt with their stamps and imprints, and in fees and what not it has cost me over twenty dollars already."

We need not give the conversation further. The above citation suffices to show that the tourist, and especially the American tourist of the cheapest kind, has at last penetrated into Russia. In June, July, and August St. Petersburg and Moscow are now-a-days visited by between two and three thousand Americans, and by a small sprinkling of English, and for the comfort of these travellers certain arrangements have been made. In some hotels at St. Petersburg and in one at Moscow the porter speaks English, and some of the waiters comprehend more or less. French and German are more widely understood and spoken, but it is useless to disguise the fact that the language of Russia is Russian, and without, at least, a little Russian the tourist must, as the American said, have a "chump-headed guide" attached to his person. St. Petersburg and Moscow are both vast towns; the distances from point to point are enormous; the squares are so broad that one can hardly think of walking across them; the streets measure miles in length and furlongs in width. The consequence is that in Russia nobody walks; even the kitchen-maid who goes to market to buy a cabbage or a water-melon rides in a swift droschka. Now, these droschkas are subject to no fixed tariff; in real Oriental fashion you must bargain each time you hire one. That wonderful writer, Baedeker, tells us, it is true, that we may, and ought to, abuse and even maltreat the droschka driver, who will never lose his good temper; but how can you abuse him if you cannot speak his language? In the museums, the churches, the public monuments, and the shops this same difficulty of language stands very much in the way of the tourist's comfort. The voracious guide-books affirm that in the best shops in St. Petersburg and Moscow French is spoken currently, and yet I remember one day visiting thirteen cigar-shops in the Nevsky Prospect, the Regent-street of St. Petersburg, and in not one of them was there a soul who could understand German or French, much less English.

Such being the case in the capitals, what must be the state of affairs in minor towns? How delightful is the situation of the tourist who starts on a seventy-hour railway journey, in the course of which he may have to change trains four or five times, drive across towns from one station to another, explain to porters, ask information from station-masters or train-conductors, who understand nothing but the language of Gogol and Pouchkine! Remember, too, that the tourist who arrives unprepared in the country cannot read even the names of the stations, which are inscribed in Slavonic letters only. In the hotels the bill of fare is unintelligible, and communication with the waiter can only take place through pantomime.

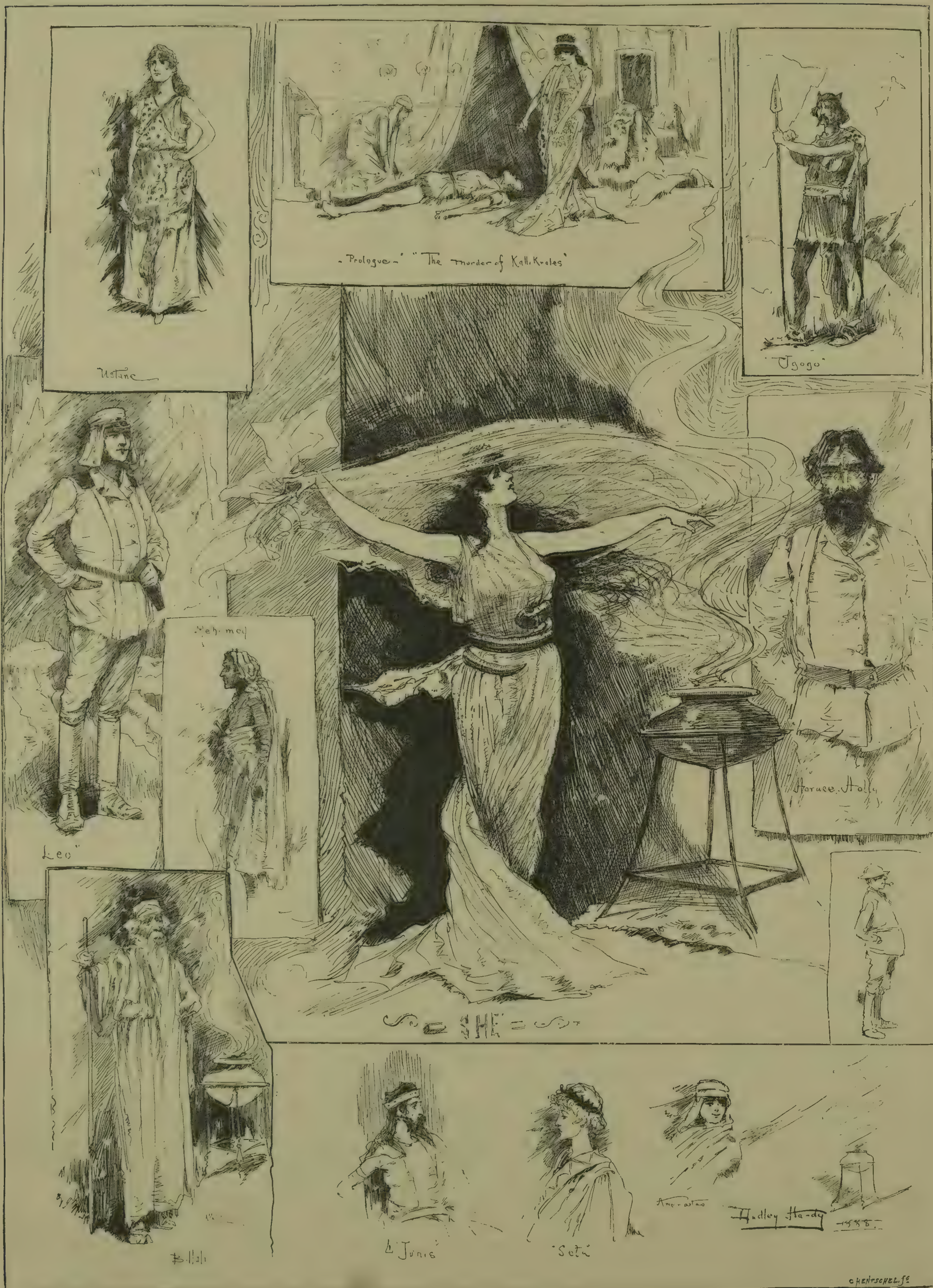
On the other hand it must be stated that in a first-class carriage on a Russian railroad you never fail to find some passenger who speaks French, and the educated Russians seem never to tire of showing kindness and courtesy to foreigners, and piloting them through travelling difficulties. Nevertheless the tourist who ventures outside the great towns, like St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, must know the Russian alphabet and a few necessary phrases—the more the better—otherwise he will be so worried that his journey will be anything but pleasurable, or else he will have to hire one of those "chump-headed guides" who are to be found in limited numbers in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

In reality, the stream of tourists—the vast majority of whom are Americans—scarcely flows beyond Moscow, for the present, at least. Russia does nothing to attract tourists or to facilitate their movements. To say, as our American friend does, that Russia is "no place for a white man," is, perhaps, excessive; nevertheless, I have met few tourists who were not glad to get out of it.

One note to conclude. Few foreign journals reach the Russian reader without several columns having been obliterated by the censorship. A few weeks ago, I noticed half of Mr. James Payn's genial paragraphs in "Our Note-Book" cruelly obliterated. As for the present series of observations, they will inevitably appear on the tables in Russian reading-rooms as a dismal black-ink smudge.

T. C.

The Lord Mayor of London laid the foundation-stone of the new Technical Schools at Stockport of Sept. 8, with full Masonic honours. Lord Egerton of Tatton, Grand Master of the Cheshire Freemasons, was present. The friendly societies walked in the procession, and the town was gaily decorated.



"SHE," AT THE GAITY THEATRE.
SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Town mouse, visiting her country sister at this season, cannot but think commiseratingly of the dull times which that poor creature must have when all that now makes the country delightful, or, indeed, one might say tolerable, will have faded with the roses and vanished with the verdure. Tennis and tea out-of-doors, swinging in a hammock in the orchard and driving to meet half the county at a garden-party, sketching and amateur photography, woodland rambles and tri-cycling—everything, in short, that seems to make the country enjoyable, goes with the summer. Of course, a large country-house party in winter may be merry and bright enough, but it is a question now of the resident in her own quiet home. Country mouse declares with proper spirit that her days are full of duties, making the time seem all too short. Her domestic vocations, her correspondence (it is only in the country that people have time to write letters—in town we scribble notes), her cottage and sick visiting, her management of the penny bank and the sewing club, her calls at the village school and her church work, amply occupy her days. But, no doubt, the great resource for the country in winter is needlework, both plain and fancy. It is the "stand-by" which fills up all odd crevices of leisure. To those women who can take an interest in needlework it is the most fascinating and even sedative of employments. It appears, indeed, to be to many of our sex what tobacco is to some men: a never-failing resource against ennui and vexation.

Those women who can find such enjoyment in the use of the needle are to be envied. There are many of us to whom the occupation is irritating in the extreme. Generally speaking, I think that the women who take much delight in sewing of any sort are those with quiet temperaments and brains not over-active. At all events, intellectual women generally have not liked the occupation. Even in the days when it was considered inevitable for all women to do much needlework—and when, indeed, it was inevitable, for there were no machines to relieve them from the positive necessity, so it was truly a female duty to sew much—even then women of active intellect could often not refrain from bearing testimony to the painfulness of the labour. Mme. De Maintenon, the severe mentor of Louis XIV. of France, for instance, said that she wished the girls in her school for demoiselles of family at St. Cyr to do much needlework, as a salutary discipline, because it was such an unpleasant occupation, and one allowing so much scope for painful self-examination and solemn reflection. The more fortunate sisters who can delight in the mechanical action which results in the manufacture of pretty things ought to be sorry for those less happy amongst us who find that "that way madness lies." I do not observe that they are so sympathising.

Great scope is given to artistic feeling by fancy work, and as the mechanical part of it—the mere doing of the various stitches—is comparatively easily acquired, the pleasure of the achievement of making something pretty is open in this direction to many who have not leisure or training for painting, etching, or modelling. Every woman who has to live much alone does wisely to try if she can find satisfaction in the use of the needle. The several stitches once learned—chain stitch, feather stitch, coral, cross, and satin stitches, and French knots, and the rest—it is easy to combine them into broderies and designs either out of one's own head or from the innumerable patterns now procurable. Lace stitches and painting on satin are more elaborate and ambitious undertakings; but there is enough variety for most people in the many different ways in which the ordinary embroidery stitches can be utilised.

A pretty centre for a dinner-table may be made by working with coloured thread on a white linen ground, or with white cotton on an écu ground. For this purpose, a conventional pattern should be traced along each edge of a strip of linen about twelve inches wide, and a corresponding design worked rather thickly at each end—the length depending on the size of the table. This is very effective if worked either in blue or red grain cotton, with a second line close by everywhere in the design, of écu thread if the ground be white, or white thread if the ground be string-colour. Another dinner-table centre is more elaborate, the material being that "satin-sheeting" which, while having a surface gloss almost like silk, can yet be cleaned repeatedly. This was covered with an "all over" design of running stems and occasional leaves in blue cotton, with a little bird every here and there in raised stitch of white silk, the shape backed up and marked out from the flat white ground by being outlined with gold. Sideboard cloths are generally worked in designs to match; but in this case a coarse Russian canvas was substituted for the ground—as, of course, a sideboard cloth must be more frequently cleaned than a dinner-table centre.

Portières are made out of the roughest-looking materials, such as great common grey, blue, and brown blankets, or the rough Irish frieze, or the coarsest of serge. The colours must be well chosen to harmonise with the ground; and then these common materials become gloriously beautiful with comparatively small expenditure of time and labour, the designs being bold and the stitches chosen those which rapidly fill a large space. Sunflowers, with their leaves in the natural colours, and the hearts of the flowers brightened up with a little orange silk amongst the brown, form an effective broad bordering for a very dark red serge. A peacock-blue serge curtain looks well with embroidery in a sort of Greek key design, straight down it, in a series of rather broad lines, the colours being dark brown, in various tones, with a little intermixture of gold. "Bed-spreads" have superseded spotless counterpanes in artistic households; the "spread," of course, being only intended for day use, and being taken off, with the frilled and monogrammed "pillow-shams" that during the day cover the pillow-case, when the room is prepared for the night by the housemaid. The bed-spread is generally of silk, and is worked nearly all over with embroidery. A running design of flowers is very popular for this use, such as cornflowers and clematis in strips, on a white silk or Roman satin ground, or white roses on a red ground, &c. Geometrical shapes make very effective embroidery for this purpose. Diamonds or squares worked in white crewels, or, better still, in purse-silk on scarlet silk, may offend a severe taste, but give a not unpleasant bit of colour in a large room hung in pale neutral tints.

Enamelling with Aspinall's paint, which gives at once colour and gloss, is one of the latest workable amusements for ladies. It is having quite a run, some country houses showing rooms entirely re-painted by the mistress or her daughters in this way; while plain white wood articles are to be found in great variety in the fancy shops in London, and are specially designed to be enamelled. Tables, square, octagon, or corner, rush-seated chairs, overmantels, book-shelves, milking-stools, and a multitude of other articles are procurable in white wood. Japanese leather paper is another great resource for home decorators. It fills in the panels of doors, the fronts of coal-boxes, the skirtings beneath windows, &c., with very pleasing effect. Painted panels are popular, too—i.e., a plain ground with a flight of birds, a bunch of bulrushes, or some other easily-executed design, painted somewhat roughly across. Stencil-plates can be had for this work by ladies who cannot manage without their aid. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

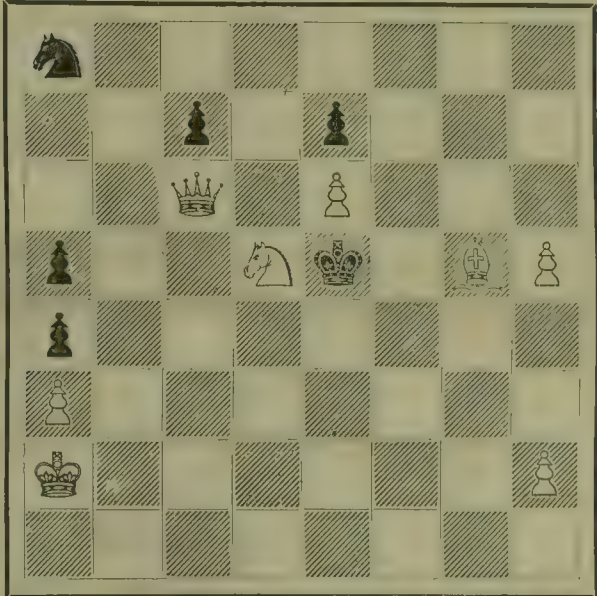
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
M N KUKA, M.A. (Bombay).—The defence you suggest does not appear in any book because analysts have never considered it sound enough for serious notice. We would invite you to study the effect of White playing 4. Kt takes P, P to Q 4th; 5. B takes P, Q to Kt 4th; 6. P to Q B 3rd, Q takes R P; 7. Q to Q R 4th (ch), &c.
CAPT GRAY (N.N.).—We have no knowledge of anyone ready to play; but if you wish we will publish your desire.
S D G.—No, there is no flaw. Look again.
Mrs KELLY (Lifton).—Your solution was quite right, and duly acknowledged last week.
J BRYDEN.—Thanks for your kindly appreciation of the collection.
H B ROBERTSON.—Thanks for notice and kind offer. We shall be always glad to report the doings of the club.
GOBBERY HEATHCOTE.—Thanks for problem. David Nutt, foreign bookseller, Strand, can probably supply your want.
C ETHERINGTON.—In Problem 2312 if White play 1. Kt to Q 4th, Black answers with 1. R takes P, and no mate follows.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2314 received from Dr F St and E R (Bombay); of No. 2315 from Joseph T Pullen, S B O and F R; of No. 2316 from Major Pritchard, C Etherington, Hereward, J Bryden, and F R.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2317 received from J Bryden, Mrs Kelly, Joseph T Pullen, Dr F St, A H Austen, Howard A. Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Jupiter Junior, E Phillips, E Von Kornatzki, E Casella (Paris), Peterhouse, J Hepworth Shaw, E Lacey, W Hillier, Shadforth, Rev Winfield Cooper, Hereward, Dawn, E E H, B London, A W Hamilton Gell, P Drew, E Crane, W R Ralston, T Roberts, Ruby Rook, Julia Short, J Dixon, Colonel R Matthew, J Hall, J D Tucker (Leeds), D T (Ben Rhydding), James Sage, Colour-Sergeant H S B (Ben Rhydding), Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine, F T Horton, Carslake W Wood, Mrs W J Baird, R H Brooks, D McCoy, J A Schmucke, Thomas Chown, C E P, B Reynolds, R Worters (Canterbury), G J Veale, S B O, A Newman, J D Taylor, F W Ensor, R F N Banks, and Percival.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2315.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K 8th Any move
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 2319.

By J. W. ABBOTT.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament between
Herr VON BARDELEBEN and Mr. POLLOCK.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Herr B.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th P to K B 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3rd P to Q 4th
3. B to B 4th P to K 3rd
4. P to K 3rd K Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd
Premature. He should have prevented the opposing Kt from occupying his K 4th by B to Q 3rd.
6. P to Q R 3rd B to Kt 5th
7. P takes B B takes Kt (ch)
8. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K 5th
White's last few moves have steadily cramped his game, but this seriously jeopardises it. Kt to K 5th would have recovered lost ground, and considerably improved his position.
9. Q to R 5th (ch) Kt takes Q B P
10. Q to R 6th P to Kt 3rd
11. P to K R 4th Q to K 2nd
Wasting time on an attack with no force to support it. Why not bring out the K B and then Castle?
12. Kt to B 3rd R to Kt sq
13. B to Q 3rd Kt to K 5th
14. B takes Kt Kt to Q B 3rd
All this leaves the Queen's side dangerously weak.
15. Kt to K 5th B P takes B
16. B takes Kt Kt takes Kt
17. Q to Kt 5th B to Q 2nd
18. Q R to Kt sq Q to B 2nd
His efforts to draw being frustrated, and his onslaught exhausted, a diversion is sought on the Queen's flank. Black
19. Q to Kt 3rd
20. B takes P
21. P to R 5th
Returning to the offensive, when he cannot best hope for a draw. Q to Q 6th was his last chance of staving off defeat.
22. B to K 5th P to K Kt 4th
23. Q takes P B to Kt 4th
24. B to B 4th B to R 3rd
The object of this is not easy to see. Q to Kt 7th seems the best move at command.
25. R to Kt 2nd Q R to B sq
26. K to Q sq Q to B 3rd
27. B to Q 6th B to Q 6th
Sheer desperation, but there is nothing else to do. It is an instructive evidence of the strength of Black's position that this does not even lead to an exchange of Bishops.
28. Q to K 5th Q takes B
29. P takes Q K R takes P
30. R takes P K R takes P
31. R to Kt 8th (ch) K to Q 2nd.
And White resigns, Black finishing the game in masterly style.

CHESS IN NORFOLK.

Mr. J. O. HOWARD TAYLOR gives odds of Q R and move to Mr. E. S.

WHITE (Mr. E. S.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. B to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 3rd B to Q B 4th
5. B to Kt 2nd P to Q 3rd
6. Q to K 2nd Kt to K R 4th
7. Kt to Q B 3rd
A receiver of such odds is presumably unacquainted with the openings; but White could have severely blocked himself more thoroughly had he devoted his best energies to that object.
8. Q to K B sq Kt to K B 5th
9. P to Kt 3rd P to Kt 4th
10. Q to Kt sq Kt takes B (ch)
The game so far has been very tame, but Black now continues it rather prettily; White's moves are forced, and the odds are practically recovered.
13. K takes Q Kt to Q 5th (ch)
14. K to K 3rd Q B to Kt 5th
15. P to K B 3rd Kt takes K B P (dis ch)
16. P to Q 4th P takes P (ch)
17. K to Q 3rd Kt takes Q
18. Q R takes Kt P takes Kt
And the odds-giver wins, through disparity of skill, in the end game.

The City of London Club is now arranging another of its gigantic tournaments, which will be commenced early in October. In addition to the usual prizes, which will amount to about £40, Mr. Anger has this year presented for competition a special prize of £5, and Mr. Mocatta a special prize of £4.

The annual meeting of secretaries of metropolitan chess clubs, to arrange the dates of matches for the ensuing season, will take place at Oliphant's, Ladgate-circus, on Sept. 18, at seven o'clock.

The Zukertort Chess Club, which has been established under the fostering care of Mr. Bird to "afford facilities to the working classes for the cultivation of chess" is giving effect to this object by bringing some of the leading masters to meet its members in friendly fight. On Wednesday, Sept. 5, at the club-room, Mr. Gunsberg played twenty's simultaneous games, of which he won eighteen, drew one, and lost one. There was a large and encouraging attendance, and other similar gatherings are being arranged, in one of which Herr Von Bardeleben is to give a blindfold exhibition. Whilst we do not share the enthusiastic expectation of some of its supporters of this new mission to working men, we trust the club may have a long and prosperous career.

The east wing of the Star and Garter, at Richmond, comprising banqueting and other rooms, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, Sept. 8.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Some weeks ago, in a speech in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt referred to the conduct of a certain person as resembling that of Dogberry, in writing himself down an ass. Now, every reader of Shakespeare knows that Dogberry did nothing of the kind, since writing was not one of the worthy constable's accomplishments; but that which he really said was: "O, that he" (his companion, Verges) "were here to write me down an ass!" This looseness of quotation is, now-a-days, only too common. One constantly sees the last line of Milton's "Lycidas": "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new!" perverted into the vile tautology: "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!" The other day I came across Pope's uncomplimentary allusion to the fair sex, "Woman's at best a contradiction still," improved into "Woman's at least." How often do you find Butler's famous couplet correctly given?—

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

This, indeed, is a favourite lay-figure with ready speakers and easy writers, who dress it up in every variety of disguise. Another quotation, almost as frequently distorted, is—

He that complains against his will
Is of his own opinion still;

which sometimes makes its appearance in the following form:—

He that's convinced against his will
Is of his own opinion still—

a very different thing; and we may be sure that Butler would never have written so manifest an absurdity. Even such well-known (and mildly insipid) lines as those of Dr. Watts—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so

undergo the modifying process, and come out as—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
It is their nature so.

The saying ascribed to Fouché, who borrowed it, perhaps, from Talleyrand—"It is a blunder; it is worse than a crime; it is a political fault," has been cut down to, "It is not a crime but a blunder." It would be easy to multiply examples of the audacious coolness with which—not in common parlance only, but in grave discourse; and not in leading articles only, but in works of matured pretension—even the most familiar quotations are transposed, twisted, and tortured, until their authors would find it as difficult to recognise them as mothers do to recognise their children who have been kidnapped by gipsies and transmogrified accordingly. (An image we adapt from Sheridan, who conveyed it from Churchill.) Yet, surely, when we borrow from an author, the least we can do is to preserve the article borrowed in its original condition. We may be satisfied that it is what he wished and meant it to be, and that he does not thank us for any of our alterations. We may be equally satisfied that our alterations will not be improvements. If he lends us his guineas, what right have we to clip them?

It is interesting to observe what are the essential points in those quotations which have become "household words." Take such examples as—"Pity's akin to love;" "We have scotched the snake, not killed it;" "Virtue is her own reward;" "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day;" and we shall perceive that the primary condition is Brevity. The words must be few, and so put together as to be easy of remembrance. Then, if few, they must be fit—that is, aptly chosen; conveying, without surplussage, the exact meaning of the author. Here is an example—

A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

In this couplet every word tells, every word is the right word, and the whole is the apt expression of what is, no doubt, a common truth, but is so put as to have all the force of novelty and all the air of freshness. But this leads us to the third essential—that the truth, or the idea conveyed, shall be, as we have said, "common"—patent to everybody, intelligible to everybody, and therefore accepted by everybody. In fact, a phrase or passage obtains extended currency exactly in proportion to its obviousness. Any recondite image or remote inference would have no chance of acceptance. We do not get our familiar quotations from Hobbes's "Leviathan" or Sir William Hamilton's "Discussions on Philosophy." The multitude adopt a quotation, and make it their own, when it expresses for them, in a form which they can understand and remember, their own sentiments on subjects connected with their everyday life. On this principle one may explain the popularity of such quotations as Burns's "Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn" (where, by-the-way, the alliteration helps to fix it in the memory); or Longfellow's "Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labour and to wait"; or Tennyson's "Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood." The multitude have also an ear for poetical rhythm, and swiftly seize upon a phrase which has a musical turn, or is graced by a pretty image, or brightened by an antithesis; as, for instance, "God made the country, and man made the town" (Cowper); "He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow" (Byron); "Coming events cast their shadows before" (Campbell); "Immodest words admit of no defence, For want of decency is want of sense" (Roscommon); "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen" (Gray)—and so on.

A story is told of a critic who, during the recital of a new poem by a young versifier, was observed to lift his hat at almost every other line, and excused himself on the ground that he always bowed to old acquaintances. The courtesy is one which we might incessantly practise if we made a point of acknowledging all the veteran faces, worn and furrowed with age, that greet us in the guise of "Familiar Quotations." Recently a proposal was made, we think, to banish them from our daily speech and writing, on the ground that the world was weary of their constant reappearance. We are not so sure of that! No doubt one is somewhat sick of "Audi alteram partem," and "Just as the twig is bent," and many of the same class; but, on the other hand, not a few of our old friends appeal to our sympathies with their venerable air and kindly habit, no less than with their reputed wit and wisdom. We have no patience with the cold-blooded ingratitude which would thrust strangers into their accustomed places. They have served us well for years, and our fathers, and our fathers' fathers; shall we turn them adrift into the howling wastes of oblivion? "We have heard the chimes at midnight," "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon," "To err is human; to forgive, divine"—let not the cynic think he will easily get rid of these old familiar faces! Like the poor, they are always with us. Besides, it is but an act of ordinary gratitude to cherish the friends who have served our fathers and our grandfathers so faithfully; to respect them in their old age; and not to jeer at the rags and tatters which are due, after all, to the freedom with which we have treated them. Even now, when an author is gruelled for lack of matter, they come readily at his call, while the reader is seldom unwilling to receive them with cordiality. W. H. D. A.



It is a happy family party in which the father is a hale and active elderly gentleman still able to enjoy a walk of ten or twelve miles, and the daughters have been trained in habits of outdoor exercise, so that their brother, as good a pedestrian as most young Englishmen, will not be sacrificing his own due allowance of healthy exertion by keeping company with them in a ramble of five hours over the moors and through the forest on this fair September day. Few pleasures of life are more genuine, or seem to be a more just and natural reward of wise and temperate living, than to preserve at fifty or sixty years of age the bodily vigour, as well as the cheerful alacrity of mind, which enable a parent, or even an uncle—that often delightful degree of relationship, free from parental cares and expenses—to share the joys of beloved youth; to be still associated with two or three boys and girls, or those who recently were so considered, in some active recreation where his earlier experience may qualify him to be their guide and adviser. He may have local knowledge of the scenes which they are now visiting for the first time. Before they were born, when he was a roving bachelor of adventurous and

aesthetic predilections, long before the new palatial hotel was built and its gardens and park were laid out, on this sunny slope overlooking the beautiful Lake, he lodged in a rustic cottage and climbed the steep hill-paths, where to-day, as he trudges along with his juvenile companions, he will fondly look for remembered turns leading to the rocky point of vantage whence the eye penetrates a deep mass of foliage to see the foaming cascade that rushes down the opposite cliff; or to the sudden opening of a fairyland valley spreading its green meadows at the margin of the stream. Those fair sights of nature which have frequently haunted his memory, and have sometimes consoled his thoughts amidst the troublesome business of manhood, perhaps in distant lands where he toiled for wealth and distinction, are now re-visited with his grown-up children; and let us hope that their mother, who cannot walk so far with them, is resting or quietly strolling with their aunt in the hotel gardens, expecting on their return to be told of a day of pure and fresh delight. Such holidays in Westmoreland or Cumberland, in Derbyshire, or in Wales, or in the romantic Scottish Highlands, or on the shores of Killarney, or in Norway or Switzerland or Bavaria, if they please, may again and again be enjoyed by the happy and prosperous father, his son and his two daughters, the former preserving, the latter inheriting, that priceless gift, "a sound mind in a sound body," with affectionate fellowship in all the innocent pleasures that earth abundantly provides.

"THE OUT-PATIENT."

A Tale of a Dog.

REPRINTED FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE," MARCH 31, 1888.

CANIS SUM: HUMANI NIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All creatures, great and small.

ON Sunday morning, July 31, 1887, a hospital porter heard a dog barking at the door; he, though a kindly man, thought of his patients, and went to drive the dog away. Instead of finding one dog, he found three. Two white-and-tan fox-terriers were standing up on the top of the flight of steps, while a long-haired collie lay beside them, looking very sorrowful, for he was sorely wounded, and lay in a thick pool of blood. The moment the good porter showed his face the two terriers bolted, leaving their lame comrade at the door. At this moment a medical student came in, and he at once treated the collie as an ordinary patient. On examination, it was found that the dog had an artery cut on his right foreleg, with a gaping wound three inches long.

The leg was dressed and bandaged, the hæmorrhage was arrested, and the dog lay outside the hospital on the grass for a couple of hours, and then went away. Such is the story of Bob, a drover's collie. The friendly hospital was KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, and the touching incident made a great sensation at the time. While some were sceptical, many were touched by the simple pathos of the little drama. Mr. Yates Carrington, the eminent dog painter, happened to read the incident in the papers, and at once went down to the hospital to make inquiries. He was also struck by the kind and intelligent sympathy for the distress of their comrade shown by the fox-terriers. "If it is true," he said, "why should I not tell the story on canvas?" He made his inquiries; Mr. Mosse Macdonald, the secretary of the hospital, gave him every help; the dogs in the drama were discovered, and the result is the picture which Mr. Carrington exhibits at the Academy this year.

Of this picture we were favoured with a private view. There was the picture on its easel, occupying the place of honour in the cosy studio, flanked by half-a-dozen other pictures of dogs—toy dogs, terrier dogs, mongrel dogs—which Mr. Carrington loves to paint. The famous Teufel had just left the platform on which he had been sitting to his master, and Mr. Carrington told us how he painted the "Out-patient." "I read the story, set off at once to the



From the Original, by the Celebrated Dog Painter, YATES CARRINGTON, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London. Purchased by Messrs. PEARS.

hospital, and Mr. Macdonald kindly gave me every assistance. A thick patch of blood was still on the hospital steps, and starting from that we traced it all round the back of the hospital to a spot in Clement's Inn, called Yates's-court. In the hoarding between the court and the enclosure of the Law Courts there was a hole just large enough to admit the dog. Below the hole was a piece of glass. This discovery, and the state of the pavement, which was like a slaughter-house, left no doubt in our minds that this was the scene of the 'tragedy.' While we were talking, Mr. Hutt, the bookseller, came out and informed us that his terrier was one of the actors in the drama, and thus No. 1 was secured. The second terrier belonged to his brother. The patient was the property of a drover, who in driving his cattle was frequently in the vicinity of the hospital. You

see the three dogs were evidently in the habit of meeting one another; for two lived close by the hospital, and the third often passed it. They were playing together on the Sunday morning. The collie cut his foot, and his little friends induced him to follow them to the out-patients' door of the hospital. The interesting point to me was that the dogs took their shortest cut through the various alleys past the back entrance to the hospital to the *front door*, mind you. The conclusion I came to was that the terrier had constantly seen patients carried in that way. The end of it all was that I got the drover to lend me the collie, and was also able to borrow the terriers. The collie was the most intelligent dog sitter I ever had. 'Jack,' one of the terriers, did not at all approve of studio life, for on the fourth morning after his arrival here my servant informed me at breakfast that he had vanished. Little thinking that 'Jack,' who lived four miles away, and had never been up in St. John's Wood before, had been cute enough to find his way through Marylebone and Holborn, I wired his master, and received the reply that 'Jack' arrived safely at 6.30 a.m., barking for admission in time for breakfast. You see the blood in the picture," said Mr. Carrington, pointing to the red splashes on the door. "To paint that part of the picture I sent to the butchers for some, and dabbled the collie's paw into it, but he would persist in licking it off, and with evident relish."

This pathetic and interesting painting—of which a replica is to hang in the Hall of King's College Hospital as a memento of the event—has been bought by

Messrs. PEARS,

and can be seen, together with the celebrated Picture of "Bubbles," by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., on presentation of visiting-card, in the Art Gallery, at their Offices, 71-75, NEW OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.

At the Wrexham Eisteddfod, on Sept. 4, the opening day, the great choral competition was the chief event of the morning. Three choirs sang—the Wrexham Philharmonic Society, the Carnarvon Choral Union, and the Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Society. The adjudicators unanimously resolved that the first prize of £150 should be given to the Carnarvon Choral Union; and the Birkenhead choir took the second prize, value £20. The prize of £20 offered for the best English essay on the influence of Celtic genius on English literature was divided between Mr. J. Jones, of London, and Mr. A. Lewis, of Bala. The prize of £20 offered by the National Eisteddfod Association for the best critical essay on the works of Ceiriog was secured by the Rev. Evan Lewis, Congregational minister, of Hull. In the evening there was a concert, under the presidency of Sir John Puleston, M.P.

Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., was one of the presidents on the second day, and he gave an interesting address. Professor Rhys took the chair at a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, and Mr. Lewis Morris read a paper on the proposed University for Wales. A resolution urging the Government to establish a University organisation in the Principality was carried unanimously. There was a choral competition for persons under sixteen years of age, and prizes were awarded for this, for an essay on the leading scientific discoveries during the reign of her Majesty, for the best poem on the Sabbath in Wales, for the best Welsh novel, and the best carved bardic chair. In the evening Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed; and Miss Helen Gladstone presided at a meeting of the Association for Promoting the Education of Girls in Wales.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne presided on the third day. The Rev. T. T. Jones was "chaired" as the successful bard who had sent in the best ode. The Clwydian Male Voice Choir from Ruthin was adjudged the male choral prize, the second prize being gained by the Arvonio Choir from Carnarvon. Other prizes for essays, &c., were decided, and meetings of societies connected with the occasion were held. A list of subjects for competition at the Brecon Eisteddfod next year was presented, among them being a prize of £100 for the best landscape in oil or water-colours which takes in the town of Brecon. This handsome prize was supplemented by £50 for the best landscape from any point south of the Usk. It was decided to hold the Eisteddfod of 1890 at Bangor. At night there was a miscellaneous concert in the Pavilion, the Hon. George T. Kenyon, M.P., presiding. The principal artistes were Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mrs. Glanffrwd Thomas, Miss Annie Roberts, Mr. James Sauvage, and Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys.

The Gorsedd which preceded the meeting on the fourth day was rendered additionally interesting from the fact that two ladies were among those invited into the bardic fraternity; these were Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mrs. Mary Davies. This was the concluding day of the Eisteddfod, which is stated to have been the most successful ever held. Sir John Puleston, M.P., who presided, announced that when he was at Homburg lately, the Prince of Wales desired him to express his regret at his inability to attend the Eisteddfod, and to say that his Royal Highness hoped at some future Eisteddfod to have the pleasure now denied him. At the conclusion of his address, he moved that a vote of condolence should be sent to Mrs. Richard on the death of her husband. This was unanimously agreed to. The prize gold baton and the first prize of £50 were won by the Newton Competitive Choir. Mr. T. E. Jacob took the £50 prize for the best essay on Wales under Queen Victoria, and Mr. L. W. Lewis £20 for the best heroic poem. In the evening Handel's "Messiah" was performed in the Pavilion.

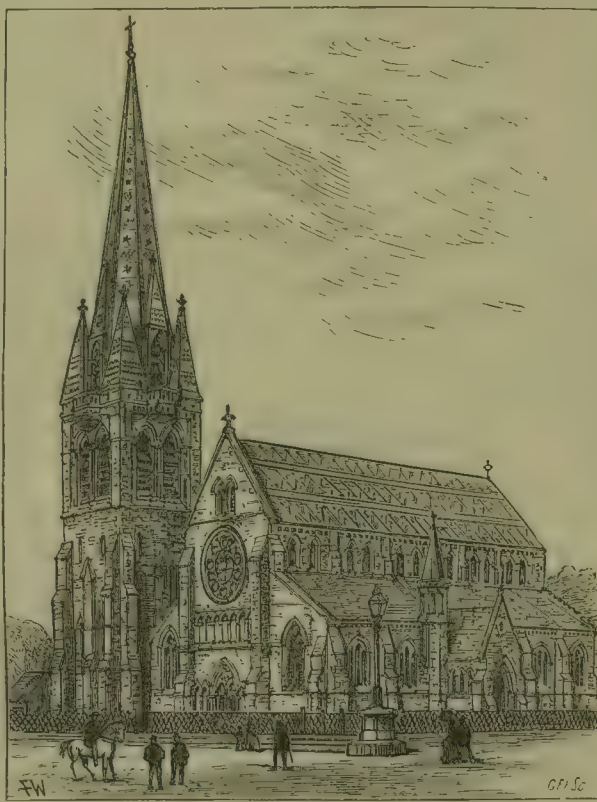
The total sum received in admission fees amounted to nearly £3000, and another £1000 was subscribed. This is stated to be the largest sum ever taken at an Eisteddfod.

Sir John Pender had a private audience of the Sultan on Sept. 8, and received from his Majesty the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh.

Through the Foreign Office the Board of Trade have received a binocular-glass and two silver medals and diplomas, which have been awarded by the French Government to Captain G. W. Lash, master, and Messrs. A. Scott and J. E. Burnside, officers of the British steam-ship Stephanotis, in recognition of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the French steam-ship Suez, which vessel was sunk, on Jan. 24 last, off Lisbon, after having been in collision with the German steam-ship Dittmarschen.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

The earthquake felt in both the North and South Islands of New Zealand, on Sept. 1, was not attended with any great mischief, and the first reports concerning it were much exaggerated. The spire of the Cathedral Church in the city of Christchurch, the capital of the Canterbury Province, in the South Island, was said to have been destroyed; but it was only partially damaged. We are obliged to Mr. F. T. Haggard, of Tunbridge Wells, for sending us a photograph of the Cathedral,



CATHEDRAL OF CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, THE SPIRE OF WHICH WAS DAMAGED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

which is a handsome building, with nave, two aisles, tower and spire, the transepts and permanent chancel being not yet added to it. It was consecrated in 1881, but the diocese of Christchurch was founded in 1856; its first Bishop, the Right Rev. H. J. Chitty Harper, D.D., was in 1868 elected Primate of New Zealand by the General Church Synod; but there are Bishops of Auckland, Wellington, Waiapu, Dunedin, and Nelson. The earthquake shocks, five times repeated in half-an-hour, also damaged some chimneys in the city, but caused no loss of life, and were scarcely more destructive than the similar visitation in Essex, three or four years ago, and others which have taken place in our own country.

The British Pharmaceutical Conference concluded at Bath on Aug. 5. An invitation to visit Newcastle-on-Tyne next year was accepted; and Mr. Charles Umney, of London, was elected president for the year 1889.

The Trades Union Congress at Bradford concluded its proceedings on Saturday, Sept. 8, when resolutions were adopted condemning the Merchant Seamen's Widows and Orphans Pension Fund Bill, and taking exception to the interpretation put upon the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act by Mr. Justice Stephens and Mr. Justice Hawkins. The debates and resolutions and amendments on the many subjects about which the congress was engaged throughout the week were of interest all through; the interest of the proceedings lying mainly in the information which they give us about the wants and wishes of the working classes as we find them stated by the representatives of their own choice. Dundee has been chosen as the place of meeting next year.

HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY.

In the height of the fashionable London season, on a fine Sunday afternoon of June or July, the scene in the park, which our Artist has delineated, is one of considerable social interest. This crowded promenade, in which ladies and gentlemen have a good chance of meeting their acquaintance, takes place, weather permitting, with tolerable regularity at that period of the year. There is, at any rate, a breath of fresh air to be got, with a little foliage, pleasant until it becomes dusty and sooty, and the view of a certain extent of grass, to say nothing of the pretty flower-beds. Those who have secured chairs may indulge in talk which easily finds its topics among the passing groups and figures. Any gentleman who feels a craving for his cigar will, of course, retire to a sufficient distance from the ladies' walk. Dignified English womanhood is well represented in this assemblage of correctly-behaved people, and few will object to such a harmless way of passing one or two hours on Sunday.

MUSIC.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

This celebration (the one hundred and sixty-fifth meeting of the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, held in yearly alternation at each city) closed on Sept. 14. Having already given details as to the object of these festivals, and the arrangements made for that which has just taken place, but brief record must now suffice, as most of the performances occurred too late for present notice, and must be referred to hereafter. The inaugural service in the cathedral included the co-operation of the three cathedral choirs and other chorists; and, in the morning, the delivery of a sermon special to the occasion by the Rev. Canon Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. At the evening service, on the Sunday, a sacred cantata, entitled "Samuel," was performed, in place of the anthem. It is the composition of Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral and conductor of the festival. It includes narrative passages for a bass voice, solos for a treble, and choral writing, with the association of a small string band. The most effective portions were those for chorus, which included the introduction of several more or less familiar hymn-tunes. Dr. Colborne has purposely aimed at simplicity rather than elaborateness of style, with the object of rendering the work widely available by parish choirs.

As at most of these Three Choir festivals, the first of the oratorio performances in the cathedral (on Sept. 11) was appropriated to "Elijah," the principal solo vocalists in which were Misses Anna Williams and Ambler, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Comment on such familiar details would be superfluous. The evening of the same date was devoted to the first concert in the Shirehall, Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" having been selected for the occasion, with Madame Albani, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton as chief solo vocalists. No new compositions were commissioned for the festival, the important specialties announced having been Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," composed for, and performed at, the recent opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition; and the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's oratorio, "St. Polycarp"; the first-named work given for the first time in England, the other having been seldom heard since its first production some thirty years ago. These and other features of the festival must be spoken of hereafter.

There is as yet nothing to record of London music beyond the promenade performances at Covent-Garden Theatre, which are fully maintaining the high character gained for them in Mr. Thomas's previous five seasons. Large and enthusiastic audiences are attracted nightly, the classical programmes on Wednesday evenings being special features of each week. All tastes, indeed, are amply provided for in each evening.

The next important revival of serial performances will be that of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, which will enter on their thirty-third season on Oct. 13.

The remaining important provincial festival of the year will be that of Bristol, where the sixth triennial celebration will be held (in the Colston Hall) on Oct. 16 and three following days.

An endeavour is being made (under the competent direction of Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap) to establish festivals at Hanley (Staffordshire), the initial experiment being fixed for Oct. 11.

LIFE, FORTUNE, AND HAPPINESS.



Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Tennyson.

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HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY.

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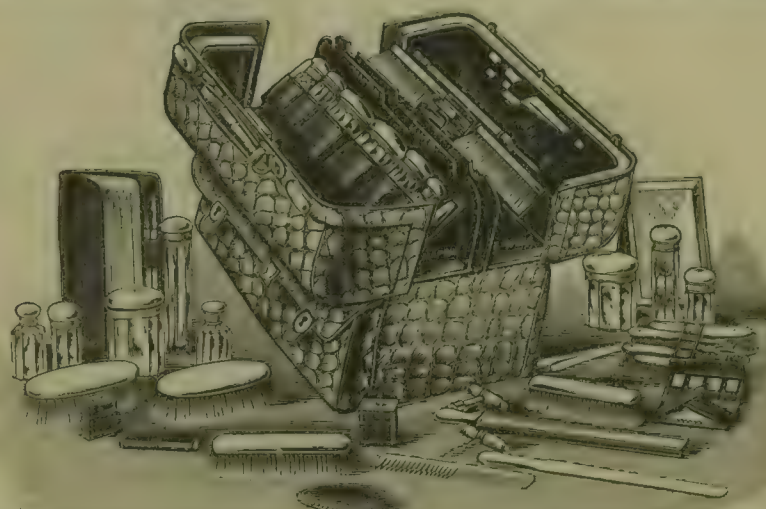
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 16, 1888) of the Right Hon. Henry Richard, Baron Wolverton, late of Iwerne Minster, Dorset, and No. 67, Lombard-street, who died on July 2 last at Coombe Wood, Kingston-on-Thames, has just been proved by the Hon. Pascoe Charles Glyn, the uncle, the executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his estate and hereditaments at Iwerne, Dorset (subject to the life interest of the Right Hon. Georgiana Julia Maria Baroness Wolverton, in such parts thereof as may be in her occupation) to his brother, Frederic, together with the furniture, plate, glass, pictures, carriages, horses, farm stock, &c., in and about the mansion-house, and the medals, swords, and decorations of their father, the late Admiral Henry Carr Glyn; and £300 each to his housekeeper and valet. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two sisters, Rose Riversdale Lady Norreys, and Alice Coralie Glyn, for life, and at their death, to their respective children as they shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1883), with a codicil (dated Oct. 1, 1886), of Mr. Benjamin Piercy, O.E., J.P., late of Marchviel Hall, Denbigh, and Drapers-gardens, E.C., who died on March 24 last, was proved on Sept. 5 by Mrs. Sarah Piercy, the widow, Francis George Whitwham, Edmund Bower Bernard, and Evan Morris, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £324,000. The testator bequeaths one tenth of what he may die possessed of over £110,000 to such charitable institutions and objects as his executors may determine, and at such times and in such manner as they may think fit. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one fifth of the income to his wife, for life, or during the time she shall remain his widow; and the remaining four fifths of income between his children, his brother, Robert, and his sister, Jane. At the death or second marriage of his wife, the capital and income are left in equal shares between his children and his said brother and sister; but the shares of his children and his brother are to be held in trust for them, for life, and at their death to their respective children.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1883) of Mr. Charles Joseph Lambert, formerly of No. 3, Queen's-street-place, Upper Thames-street, afterwards of No. 29, Park-lane, and late of No. 1, Crosby-square, merchant, who died on July 11 last, was proved on Aug. 16 by Mrs. Susan Lambert, the widow, and John Alexander Weir, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £274,000. The testator bequeaths £60,000, and all his pictures, bronzes, plate, furniture, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Susan Lambert; and £1000 to his executor and partner, John Alexander Weir. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, during the life of his wife to pay annuities of £300 to each of his children and the surplus of the income thereof to his wife; at her death, he leaves the capital sum between his children, in such shares as his wife shall by deed or will appoint, and, in default of such appointment, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1877) of Miss Rachel Pinckard, late of No. 23, Tavistock-square, who died on July 26 last, has been proved by John Coles, one of the executors, the value of

the personal estate exceeding £53,000. The testatrix bequeaths her leasehold house, with the furniture and effects therein, to her niece Louisa Stebbing; £1000 to Agnes Pinckard; £150 to her executor, and various legacies and specific gifts to friends and relatives. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between her six nieces, Louisa Stebbing, Anne Stebbing, Emiline Clough, Amelia Coles, Clara Lathbury, and Jane Slocock, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 3, 1883) and a codicil (dated Jan. 30, 1886) of Mrs. Julia Cave, formerly of Brook House, Sunbury, but late of Boxwell Court, Gloucester, who died on July 7, were proved on Aug. 30, by Thomas Sturmy Cave, the son, and Joseph Lancaster Wetherall, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. Subject to a legacy of £1000 to the eldest daughter who shall be living at home, for the purpose of carrying on the management of the house, the testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, as to two tenths thereof, for her son, Thomas Sturmy; two tenths for her son Herbert; and one tenth each for her daughters, Mrs. Emma Henrietta de Carteret, Mrs. Catherine Louisa Hewitt, Mrs. Louisa Johnson, Fanny Blanch Cave, Georgiana Cave, and Julia Cave. She also declares that, during the life of her husband and herself, certain sums of money have been advanced to some of her children, and that such sums are to be taken into account upon the distribution of her estate.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1888) of Mr. Allen Fletcher, late of No. 6, Lord Mayor's-walk, York, who died on Aug. 19 last, was proved on Aug. 29 by William Pulleyn and William Hood, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £25 each to the Wilberforce School for the Blind, the York Bluecoat Boys' School, the York County Hospital, and the York Infirmary; his house, No. 6, Lord Mayor's-walk, the furniture and effects therein, and £100 to his wife, Mrs. Annie Fletcher; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood (in the event of her marrying again she is to have the income of £6000), and subject thereto for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1888) of Mr. John Beale, late of Belle Vue, Eastern Villas-road, Southsea, Southampton, who died on May 28 last, was proved on Sept. 3 by Henry Beale and William Beale, the brothers, Mrs. Maria Beale, the widow, and William Saunders Messiter McCallum, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture and effects and £200 to his wife, and also the income of £10,000 during her life or widowhood; £500 each to the London Hospital for Incurables and the Cancer Hospital (London); £1000 to his nephew, Roland Lang; £500 each to his godson, Methuen Wilson, Mrs. Hoffmeister, and Edgar Hoffmeister; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers, Henry, Charles, and William, his sister Anna, Frederick Beale, and Augustus Roper, share and share alike.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1879) and a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1888) of Mr. John Diplock, formerly of No. 94, Upper Tulse-hill, and Ivy House, Clapham, but late of St. Germain's, Honor Oak-road, who died on Aug. 8 last, were proved on Sept. 4 by Thomas Diplock, the son, and Elizabeth Diplock, the daughter,

the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator bequeaths a legacy of £50 and an annuity of £50 to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Diplock; and gives and devises very many freehold and leasehold houses round London to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his children. He also directs that he is not to be buried for seven clear and whole days after his decease or supposed decease.

The will (dated May 25, 1886) of Mrs. Emma Mary Ann Maria Knowles, the widow of the late James Sheridan Knowles, the well-known dramatist, formerly of No. 34, Southwick-street, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park, but late of No. 29, North Bank, Regent's Park, who died on May 10 last, was proved on Aug. 25 by Richard Brinsley Knowles; Emma Webb, the niece; and Heber Coghlan, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Pastors' College in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Midnight Meeting Movement (Red Lion-square), and the Stockwell Orphanage for Boys (Clapham-road); £100 to the minister, deacons, and elders of Arden Baptist Chapel (Rothsay, Isle of Bute), for general purposes; £300, and all the manuscripts and writings and the interest arising from the acting of the dramas of James Sheridan Knowles, to Mary Knowles Rice; £500 to her niece Mrs. Emma Webb, and other legacies and specific gifts. The residue of her property she leaves to her said niece Emma Webb, absolutely.

FRUIT-CULTURE FOR PROFIT.

A conference of fruit-growers was held at the Crystal Palace on Friday, Sept. 7. Mr. F. T. Rivers read a paper on "Fruit-Culture for Profit," and advocated the adoption of means for drying fruit in seasons when there is a glut. Other papers were read on the packing, carriage, and marketing of fruit, and on the land-tenure of fruit-growers. As regards the picking and marketing of fruit, it was stated that the Frenchman was far more careful than the English grower, and, consequently, got a better price for his produce. It was said, for instance, that strawberries sent from Cornwall are often packed in ferns, which sweated the fruit and altered its colour and taste. English fruit-growers, it was also remarked, rarely troubled whether their fruit was bruised or not, and many of them only picked their apples because they were not ripe enough to be shaken off. In France the grower always hand-picked his finest fruit, and, as he packed it carefully, his mark became known, and he could always rely upon a good price.

The conference was resumed on the 8th, when Mr. D. Tallerman read a paper on "The Science of Fruit Distribution," in which he urged the importance of getting fruit to market in good condition, and of distributing the supply so as to bring the fruit to the consumers in the various large towns. In discussing the subject, it was urged that land capable of growing good fruit could be had at low rents. It was resolved to establish an association of fruit-growers, for the promotion of profitable fruit culture, and the improvement of the present system of fruit distribution; and the Executive Committee was asked to make its first report on Oct. 11.

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TABLE LINENS.

TABLE LINENS.

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SHEETINGS.

SHEETINGS.
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LINENS.—A Complete Set for £8 13s. 9d., consisting of Blankets, Quilts, Table Linen, Sheets, &c., suitable for a house of eight rooms.—MAPLE and CO., London, Paris, and Smyrna.

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FARES.—London to Paris and back—1st Class, 2nd Class. Available for Return within one month. £21 7s., £21 1s.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s.

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Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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An accelerated and FAST SERVICE of TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

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Excursions from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

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"Jephthah's Return." "On the Mountains," and "The Martyr"—ON VIEW, with the celebrated "Aure Domini," "Zeus at Crotone," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last

Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science began on Sept. 5 at Bath with an address from the president of the year, Sir Frederick Bramwell. In this he maintained that whatever contributions civil engineers have made to past science by original research, they have by their applications of scientific discoveries done much to advance science, the discoveries in science and the applications of science acting and reacting upon each other. In these applications success had attended the civil engineer mainly because of his attention to small things. The gradual introduction of prime movers to supplant the muscular power of man or beast was described as the greatest feat in our civilisation since the introduction of printing by movable type. The prodigies performed by the steam-engine were referred to; but Sir Frederick prophesied that its place would be taken by some more economical form of heat-engine driven by combustion of gas or petroleum vapour. The impulses given to engineering by the improvement in the making of steel were also dwelt upon.

The eight sections sat on the 6th, the best attended being that of Mechanical Science, where, after the opening address by Mr. Preece on "The Applications of Electricity to Mankind's Needs," Colonel Gouraud described Edison's phonograph, the audience being greatly delighted with its reproduction of the human voice in speech and song; and Mr. Edmunds read a paper on the graphophone. In the Economical Section Lord Bramwell's address, read by his brother, upheld the *laissez faire* doctrine in political economy, and condemned legislative intermeddling with property and contracts; in the Geographical Section Sir C. Warren treated on the means of extirpating the slave-trade in Africa; in the Geological Section Professor Boyd Dawkins spoke of the impossibility of measuring geological time in years; Professor Tilden discoursed to the Chemical Section on the need of concentration and thoroughness in study; Mr. Thistleton Dyer addressed the Biological Section on the rise of botany from an elegant accomplishment to a serious study; and Professor Fitzgerald addressed the Physical Science Section.

On the 7th, Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P., presided in the Economic Section, where Professor Sidgwick gave an address on the current conceptions of State Socialism. Professor Foxwell read a paper on the tendency of competition to result in monopoly, and said that all the most characteristic tendencies of the age favoured the growth of monopoly. Mr. B. Shaw treated of Social Democracy, and considered the municipalisation of urban rents, the speedy nationalisation of the land, and the abolition of the House of Lords to be fast approaching. There was a long discussion. Sir John Lubbock entertained a large audience in the Zoological Department with accounts of the habits of solitary bees and wasps. In the Physiological Department, Professor Roy read a paper in favour of wearing waist-belts and stays, which gave rise to an animated discussion. Sir Charles Wilson again presided over the Geographical Section, where some interesting papers were

read.—At night, Professor Ayrton gave a popular address on the subject of the electrical transmission of power.

On Saturday, Sept. 8, the weather being fine and several excursions having been arranged to places of interest, the sections were somewhat thinly attended. In the Chemistry Section the report of the committee on chemical education was presented and discussed at some length. In the Anthropological Section the Rev. B. Danks and Rev. R. H. Codrington described the marriage customs of people in the Eastern Archipelago and Polynesia. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., discoursed to working men in the Drill Hall on the "Mental Condition and Ideas of the Savage Races."

The services at the Abbey and other principal churches were all fully attended on Sunday. At the Abbey, the Bishop of Sydney (Dr. Barry) preached in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Tristram in the evening; at St. Mary's, Bathwick, the Rev. Hayes Robinson; at St. Michael's, the Rev. T. J. Bonney, Professor of Geology at the London University; and the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, of Madras; the Bishop of Nelson, at St. Andrew's; and at the Octagon Chapel, where for many years the first Herschell was the organist, Prebendary Davis, of Cullompton, was the preacher.

There was a great deal of activity shown in the sections on Monday, the 10th. In the Geographical Section a paper was read on the condition of Central Africa, Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, the Cameroons, Tunis, and South Morocco. In the course of the discussion, Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Francis de Winton, and the Rev. John Mackenzie agreed from their African experiences in thinking that there is not yet any cause for alarm respecting Stanley. In the Economic Section, the variations in the monetary standards, the use of index numbers, and the amount of gold and silver in use as money and in the arts were discussed. In the Technical Science Section, various new applications of electricity to lighting and to other purposes were described. In the Anthropological Section, prehistoric commerce, the early races of Western Asia, and discoveries in Asia Minor, occupied attention.—During the afternoon a large party of the members of the Association were taken over the new baths by Major Davis. These baths incorporate all the portions of the old Roman work which lies beneath them.—Professor Bonney lectured in the evening at the Drill Hall, which was densely filled. He dealt with the structural characters of the gneiss and schistose rocks of the Laurentian and Huronian systems of Canada, and of the pre-Cambrian period of the British Isles.

The sections were very busy on the 11th, which practically saw the conclusion of the Association's work. One of the best attended sections was the Economic Science Section, where a discussion took place on the leasehold system in our towns, and considerable support was given to the enfranchisement project. The industrial education of women was also discussed. Mr. Isaac Pitman was heard in support of his views on spelling reform. The Physical Science and Mechanical Sections discussed the question of lightning-rods. The Chemical Section had before it the action of light on water colours.—In the evening there was a soirée in the Assembly Room.

The General Committee met at the Guildhall on the 12th to receive the report of the Committee of Recommendations, and the concluding meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms; the Mayor entertaining a large party in the evening.

Professor Flower, director of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has been elected president of the Association for the meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne, beginning on Sept. 1 next year; and an invitation from Leeds to meet there in 1890 has been accepted.

EARL AND COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

There were great rejoicings at Wentworth Woodhouse on Monday, Sept. 11, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding day of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam. A garden-party was given, to which about two thousand invitations were issued to the tenantry and leading residents in the district. In the afternoon there was a gathering in the marble saloon, when a series of presentations were made to the noble Earl and Countess. The tenantry and friends at Wentworth, to the number of three hundred, presented to the Countess her portrait, by Herkomer, and an illuminated address. The followers of the Fitzwilliam Hunt presented to his Lordship a picture of a hunting group in Wentworth Park; in it are portraits of the noble Earl, Ladies Alice and Albreda Fitzwilliam, and the first and second huntsmen. Presentations were also made by the Magistrates of the West Riding, the past and present officers of the Yeomanry Cavalry, the Corporation of Peterborough, and the inhabitants of Malton.

Our last issue contains Portraits of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, a two-page Engraving of Wentworth Woodhouse, with many smaller illustrations of the historic building, and a representation of the Fitzwilliam Hunt picture.

At Doncaster on Sept. 11 the Duke of Beaufort's Button Park won the Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate, Mr. J. Charlton's Treasurer being second, and Lord Durham's Drizzle third. Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob won the Champagne Stakes. Mr. C. Archer's Frapotel the Fitzwilliam Stakes, Mr. Leybourne's Goldseeker the Doncaster Welter Plate, Sir R. Jardine's Sweetbriar the Clumber Plate, Mr. Abington's Master Bill the Glasgow Plate, and the Duke of Westminster's Rydal had a walk over for the Filly Stakes. On Wednesday Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze won the St. Leger Stakes, Chillington being second, and Zanzibar third. Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain won the Bradgate Park Stakes, and Mr. Leybourne's Goldseeker the Cleveland Handicap.

MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 5, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Glasgow, by the Rev. F. E. Ridgway, Vicar; Sydney Barnett Hopkins to Olive, daughter of the late Thomas B. Johnson, Esq., both of Jamaica, West Indies.

DEATH.

On Sept. 6, at Buckden, Major-General Crompton Stansfield, of Esholt Hall, Yeaton, aged fifty-three.

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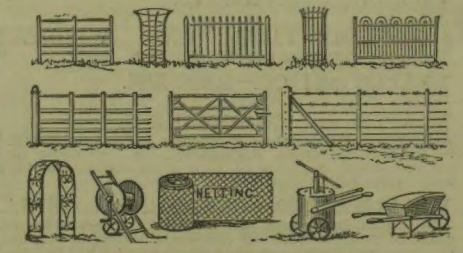
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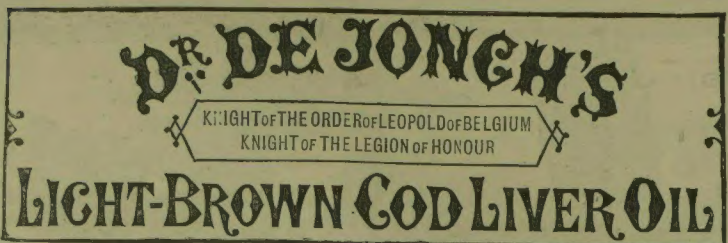
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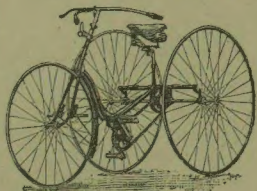
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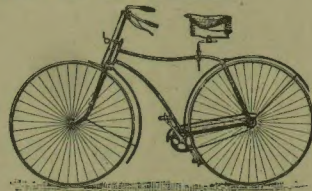
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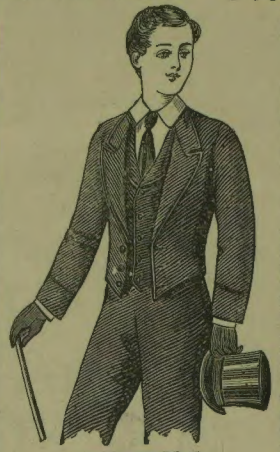
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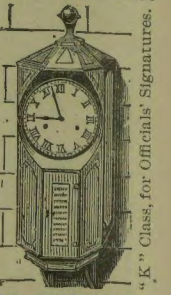
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RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and 10 bore, 20 to 50 guineas; 360, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore Express—Rook Rifles, non-fouling, cartridge-ejecting—360, 380, 400, 420, 440, 460, 480, 500, 520, 540, 560, 580, 600, 620, 640, 660, 680, 700, 720, 740, 760, 780, 800, 820, 840, 860, 880, 900, 920, 940, 960, 980, 1000. H. L. AMES, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. H. L. 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